

Dust in the Wind

postmariannizm

Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling

Complete



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Summary

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Description:

The First Wizarding War is won by Voldemort and his Death Eaters.

Voldemort awards his followers for their devotion and while most of them ask for money or power, Severus Snape asks him to spare him a girl from the Order of the Phoenix, Lily Evans. She becomes his prisoner and survives the war, while the rest of the enemies of Voldemort are killed or exiled from the Wizarding society.

Lily becomes a prisoner and a hostage in Snape's house. She has to navigate her new role as an official partner of high ranked Death Eater, while dealing with his severe depression and trauma.

However, when she feel completely hopeless, she discovers a Prophecy that changes her life.

Inspo: Romanticism era, The Sorrows of Young Werther by Goethe, Jojo Rabbit, Beauty and the Beast, Kylo Ren & Rey, Dracula by Bram Stoker, Wuthering Heights by Emily Bronte

1. Mirror

Severus Snape was sitting in his little manor house feeling somewhat anxious. It was near the evening and the gray fog and lack of sunshine made everything dull and dark, but not dark enough to light the candles. White delicate curtains were dancing to the melody of the wind. Snape knew it's going to rain tonight, the woods and the outside smelled like an upcoming storm.

He felt powerless. He was just a little game pawn tossed by people more powerful than himself. It was so clear that the path he had taken was predestined for him a long time before. The other Death Eaters were probably robbing the Ministry and Hogwarts from the things they wanted, but not Severus. He had what he asked for delivered to him like a fine gift from his Master.

Snape had to ask for her life. There was nothing else he could want. And he knew why Voldemort was giving everyone what they desired — it was a great bribe. He could give them what they wanted, he could take it when he felt like it. Voldemort knew Snape didn't want power or money or luxury or sex or anything other. Voldemort was the only one who was able to understand him, a Half-blood, neglected, beaten, rejected. After the woman he loved took his soul he became a hollow shell of a human. Voldemort gave him a new life. Or more of an existence, purpose. Snape had his community for the first time. He was ashamed by their crimes, their primitivity, their greed, he knew he was better than this. And Voldemort was better than this. However, they were the only people who didn't reject him, so he stuck with them, being useful and liked.

The sharp wind closed terrace doors with great noise that made Snape jump on his seat. He heard a woman's weak scream and felt his heart sunk deep into his chest. Lily. Lily. Lily. He had to get up and see her. Talk with her. She was awake and scared. But he couldn't make himself do so.

Eventually Severus decided to go to her room. He tried to be quiet not to scare her more, but when he heard the clink of broken glass he ran to her.

"Ahh... I fucking knew it was you!" Lily cried with her hand full of blood with a big, sharp piece of mirror in her hand.

Snape was sure he was not able to feel anything. There were so many things that happened in those past couple of years. He witnessed deaths, plots, dramas, beauty, ugliness, magical creatures, fortune. He felt nothing. The only time he had felt something was when he thought about her. It was always all emotions at once. Hate. Desire, need, longing. But now his heart clenched and he felt an aching pulse of love that made it hard to breathe. Her beauty resembled a Botticelli goddess.

"Lily," he choked out the word.

"Don't come near me, or I will slit your throat. I will not let you rape me, you fucking sick monster, back the fuck off!" she screamed, crying frantically. She was so scared.

Snape made a step towards her, as his first urge was to calm her down, took the piece of glass from her hand. She sobbed hysterically and looked as if she was about to pass out.

“Don’t be scared, Lily. Take this thing out of your hand. Imperio!” he casted the forbidden curse without any remorse. She dropped the glass and let out a desperate cry.

If Snape’s heart wasn’t broken already it would be now. She really saw him as a monster. She really thought he is going to rape her as his war trophy.

“Calm down,” he ordered and she obeyed, as she was under the curse. Her breath got deeper and she stopped crying.

Snape came close and took out his little dagger that he got from Voldemort on his twentieth birthday. Lily frowned seeing it, afraid of what he was going to do next. She felt the Imperius curse shifting from her and sighed from the stress. It was half dark in her room but she saw Snape’s face clear. He was pale, as she remembered him. His black eyes and hair were reminding her of raven feathers. He was much taller than when she saw him for the last time. She couldn’t believe that’s how this war was about to end for her. As Severus’ whore. She wanted to beg him for death, but couldn’t say a word from the catatonic fear she felt.

“Take it,” he said and put the dagger in her hand. She did as she was told even though she was not under the curse. Her fingers clenched on the cold metal.

Lily exhaled slowly seeing Snape unbuttoning his white, linen chemise he wore under his black robes. He exposed his ribs and pressed the point of the knife to his skin.

“Push it, Lily and you can get rid of me. It’s sharp. It will go through my body like butter. You will find my wand in my clothes somewhere and you will be able to escape, wherever you would like to escape. I am the only thing that stands between you and your freedom. Just kill me. Push it into my body and you will never see me again, if you hate me so much. It shouldn’t be so hard. I deserve death. I deserve worse than death, yes, I can see it in the way you look at me, I am a monster. So kill me. Spare the world the misery of looking at me, a pathetic, Death Eater scum. I beg you. Do it,” he said calmly and softly. The tone of his voice sent shivers down Lily’s spine and she was never as scared in her life as she was now.

“What the fuck,” she whispered confused. She looked him in his eyes contemplating what she should do next. She knew the war was lost. She had nowhere to go. No one to help her. She didn’t know where she was. If she would kill him, the Death Eaters might find her and do worse things to her than Snape was about to do.

But there was also another thing. She has never seen eyes so empty. She has never experienced someone begging her to be killed by her. She knew it was probably some trick or manipulation, but the truth was... Lily couldn’t do it. She couldn’t kill him, even if she wanted to.

“You psycho,” she said and let go of the dagger. It fell on the ground with a dull sound.

Snape looked into her eyes. She pitied him. He was relieved that she couldn’t kill him. It meant she didn’t hate him after all. He tied the buttons on his shirt and jacket but he was still standing close to her, which made Lily feel weird.

“What do you want from me?” she asked with a weak voice, afraid to hear his answer.

“Nothing.”

“So why am I here? Is this your fucked up fantasy to have me as your sex slave or what?” she asked, trying to understand this situation.

“I don’t know where you get the idea that I want to fuck you. Don’t flatter yourself that much. Think about it more like a hostage situation. Voldemort thinks that I want you and he gave me yourself to coerce me. That’s why you are alive. And that’s why my task is to keep you alive and well to make him think that he can manipulate me using you. But I don’t fucking care about you, Lily. So you can be sure you are safe here, I will not rape you nor touch you,” he concluded.

Of course, that was a lie. He did care about her. But it was pathetic to admit that after she accused him of such things.

Lily exhaled trying to understand her place in all of this. She passed him and sat on his bed feeling stinging pain in her palm and hand. She unclenched her fingers and looked at the pieces of glass from the mirror stuck in her skin. Snape looked at her as if she was a hopeless child.

“Follow me!” he ordered.

Lily nodded and exited her new room. Snape lit some electrical bulb that was hanging on the cellar. It didn’t match the rest of the kitchen. In fact, this place was completely bizarre. It looked like it had to be old, too old to live in, like some nineteenth century manor. The plaster was peeling off the walls exposing bricks. The tools in the kitchen were also old. She thought Death Eaters were wealthy as Voldemort gave them a lot of gold he confiscated from his enemies. But this place... It was rather humble.

Snape searched in his cabinets for some tweezers and bandages. When he turned around he saw how Lily looked at his house appalled.

“You thought I was going to live inside a castle, huh?” he said with irony.

“From the amount of money Death Eaters steal, yeah, I thought Voldemort bought you a home and not some old, dirty hovel,” she said and put her hand on the table so he could help her.

Snape frowned. Somehow it hurt his feelings. He did everything he could to make his place cozy and clean for her. It might be old, but it had a soul. Severus bought it after saving every penny for one year. He pursed his lips but didn’t answer. He knew she just wanted to hurt him, because she was frustrated with her situation. He took her cold, soft hand into his and started taking out the mirror pieces. Snape was happy with himself, precision was his strength. And it was enjoyable to touch her, although he tried not to show it. After all the pieces were removed, he went into his storeroom and took some pain relieving potion to rub it into her wounds. He didn’t look into her eyes doing all of this, as he was sure he was not going to be able to hide his love for her.

“Do you want anything more from me?” he asked her after her hand was bandaged and clean.

“Yes. I want to be free and not held hostage by you. I want Voldemort to lose this fucking war, thank you,” she hissed.

Severus let out an annoyed sigh. Why did she have to be a bitch. He was not in the mood to be her punching bag, so he left her without a word and went into his room on the other side of the house. Lily bit her lips. He really didn't care about her. What a pathetic fucking situation. Unfortunately, for them both.

From some time she knew the war was lost. She fought just because she was a Muggle born — she didn't have any other option. But after Voldemort changed his strategy and started catering to the common sense of the wizards and witches, publishing propaganda everywhere, showing a more humane face, she knew people would give up. The Ministry was all corrupted. They kicked out all of the people from Muggle families, then they forbade them from performing magic. Voldemort and his agitators were teaching people about the dangers of the Muggle and Wizarding world colliding and by their fucking logic it was better for Muggle born witches and wizards that they are not going to be welcomed to the wizarding world anymore.

He claimed he didn't hate Muggle-borns: he just wanted to protect them. Keep those two worlds clean. She had a choice — leave the Wizarding world and be a Muggle or stay and be stripped of every right. She thought she was going to die fighting for her rights and her freedom, but no. She is now going to lead a pathetic existence with a man she despised in this fucking ruin. Snape is probably happy now. He picked the victorious side. Funny that he had a choice. Lily wasn't in such a fortunate position.

She cringed hard when she reminded herself about their interactions and discussions. It was so awkward now. In fact, it would be easier if he was in love with her, if he was trying to pursue her. If he had any romantic intentions. She could excuse it. But now she was only a burden for him. Lily felt sad. Severus was indifferent towards her. He didn't give a fuck about her. He seemed like he didn't care about anything at all.

She should hate him to the bone. He chose Voldemort over her. He imprisoned her. He chose her to be humiliated and mistreated. He was fighting in a war on the side that was against people like her. But there was something not right about him. She knew Snape for many years. He was bitter. He was sad.

However, now... He was so empty. And defeated. It was fucked up. He has just won the war. He has her in his house and he can do anything to her. If he doesn't want to fuck her — which she didn't believe in a bit — he can just mess with her. Take revenge. Show her her place. Instead he helped her and let her insult him.

It didn't make any sense. She had an urge to just go to his sleeping room, sit next to him and negotiate her position. Maybe she deserved some more explanation. If she was about to spend her time in this house with him it was probably better for them to talk things through. Somehow she felt a cold sting in her heart. He didn't care about her. He left her here in this kitchen alone. Didn't even say good night or anything. Why should she care? She didn't like him either.

Lily heard a storm starting. She was sleeping for the whole day so now she was not going to fall asleep easily. She opened an old and humming fridge and took out some pasta Snape had in a Tupperware. She put it in the microwave and waited for it to heat. Suddenly she heard a quick buzz and the electricity was turned off. She saw a lightning somewhere outside and let out a sigh. Now she was not going to eat anything.

She rolled her eyes when she heard Snape casting Lumos in his room. He was lucky he was able to use magic. He went into the kitchen wearing his sleeping slacks and shirt. Somehow he seemed less stupid in his normal clothes than his pretentious robes.

“Are you okay, Lily?” he asked, coming closer.

“Uhm, yes. The electricity went down,” she explained.

“I know. It happens, I’m sorry,” he said embarrassed.

Maybe his house was shitty after all.

Lily shrugged her shoulders. He should be sorry for other things.

He saw that she was making herself some food.

“Are you hungry, Lily? I forgot to offer you anything,” he said and took the pasta out of microwave. Fuck, she was lucky she didn’t eat it, it was old as shit, probably expired.

“Yes, I am. But you don’t have much to eat,” she complained.

He was silent for a moment, while she looked at him waiting. She sighed and got up. Of course, he was occupied with other stuff and didn’t think about the little details that she had to eat.

“I can make you a nutella sandwich,” he said and grabbed the bread.

Lily felt awkward. That was their favorite snack to eat when they were kids and Severus came to her house to play. She observed him making her food.

“You aren’t going to eat?” she asked, taking the sandwich from his hand and started to eat it.

“Um. Maybe I should,” he said and made himself one.

They ate in silence not looking at each other. It was so fucking awkward. There was no neutral subject for them. No place for small talk. They both listened to the storm worsening on the outside.

“I will fix the electricity wire after the storm, I promise,” Snape said after he finished eating.

Lily nodded. They sat together not doing anything and not looking at each other. Snape didn’t want to leave her alone. And Lily had nothing to do alone in her dark sleeping room. Maybe she was also a little bit afraid. What if the lightning would hit this house? And there would be fire. She didn’t want to burn alive.

Snape felt weird. He spent a lot of time alone in this house. But he noticed he liked some company.

“I will take care of the food, don’t worry. It’s a one-time issue. In your room you have some things that might be useful. I got them from some friend, she helped me,” he said, trying to explain himself to her.

“Don’t worry, I have worse issues than food and what to wear,” she said with a bitter voice.

"I know you would rather be dead than be here with me—" Snape started.

"I didn't say that," she cut him off, "I understand you also don't want me here. That I'm a burden. But in fact, I don't want to be executed. I believe that your pathetic Voldemort will eventually lose the war and there will be a time when I will be free and he will be in Azkaban," she said to him.

Snape sat down in silence not wanting to argue with her. There was no point.

"You are not a burden," he said after a while, "it's my fault you are here. I will try and make it as comfortable as it can be for you," he said.

"Well. It's still a cage even if it's comfortable," Lily pointed out.

Snape thought about her words for a moment. She was right. There was nothing he could do to make it better for her. She is going to hate him eventually. He should hand her his dagger so she will have a tool to kill him when she gets tired of him.

He was actually so done with everything. He has just won a war and he was in his house with the only woman he ever loved but he couldn't find any happiness or satisfaction in his heart. Maybe Lucius was right and he was depressed.

"I'm cold," Lily said, waking him from his thoughts.

He stood up immediately.

"I can turn up the heating. And give you something warm," he said and went to his room. The kitchen was completely dark when he went out with his wand.

Snape thought about his fucked up situation. Now he was responsible for Lily. He could not just disappear. If he did, she would be killed for sure. And it was important for her to live. He went back to her with his blanket and wrapped it around her. She looked up at him with gratitude. Something moved inside Snape's soul.

Maybe his life had a meaning after all.

They sat in the kitchen together for three more hours until Snape noticed that Lily fell asleep on her chair. He knew the levitating spell but decided to wrap her in a blanket and carry her to her bed. She woke up but didn't say anything to not make it awkward between them.

When she woke up the next day she decided to find a bathroom, but when she opened the door she noticed it was already occupied by Snape brushing his teeth. She apologized and made a step back, but he also tried to exit and leave the bathroom for her. She felt weird, seeing him in the morning, with his face smelling like his cologne he used after shaving.

They were both standing in the doorway awkwardly, but Lily decided to end this and slammed the door coming inside. It's not going to work like that. He might be good for her and might be nice, but this was not a romantic situation. She was striped from any rights. Couldn't decide about anything, she was at his home, at his mercy.

When she went out of the bathroom she felt the scent of the breakfast. It was not fair. She was so hungry. She tried to control herself and went back to her bed and wrapped herself in comforters. Being his prisoner was better than being dead. But it was still uncomfortable.

She knew she would have to go to the kitchen eventually, eat what he made for her, and spend her days with him as he pleased. She had no other option than to live off his mercy.

She felt tears running on her cheeks.

2. Dress

The day passed as she expected. Severus made her things to eat, they ate in silence and then both headed to their rooms. Next morning she had some time to inspect the house and the surroundings outside of her window. Lily somehow understood why he chose to live here in this shithole. The view was heavenly. She opened the window and jumped on the soft and damp grass.

The house was very old, it had only one floor and an attic. The thick and white fog made everything kind of wet and it was rather cold, but Lily felt good. For the first time here. She noticed wild wine entwined around the house. It was early October but the wine leaves were already maroon and the trees close to the manor were turning yellow. If this wasn't a place where she was held hostage she might have liked it.

She thought it was so perfectly matching for Snape and smiled because of her realization, but then she bit her lip until it hurt, trying to stop thinking about this situation as something cute and romantic. There was a part of her that was missing him. She was sure there were some parts of him that weren't destroyed by Voldemort.

Lily decided to go for a walk around the house to see how big it was. When she passed one side she felt the smell of cigarette smoke. She raised her eyes and saw Severus looking at her standing on the little terrace. He was already dressed in his usual clothes, which was unusual for this early in the morning.

"Hello," he said to break the silence.

She felt melancholic sadness looking at him frowning at her, with a cigarette in his hands, dressed like some asshole from one hundred years ago. She couldn't see any of the old Severus in him. He was just Snape. The man they spoke about often in the Order with disgust and repulsion. He was a Death Eater. It was already doomed.

"I didn't want to escape," she said and took a step back.

"I can always show you around here. I know all the right places," he offered.

Lily looked away and shrugged her shoulders. She didn't want to spend more time with him than it was necessary. She went inside the house without saying a word to him. Unfortunately, she was getting bored here. She had nothing to do in her room alone. She was tired thinking about spending another day like that.

Snape went inside after her.

"What do you want for breakfast?" he asked. It was so frustrating how stubborn she was. He can give her anything she could want and need here, but of course — she has to be mean and treat him as if he was her worst enemy, while he was trying to keep them both alive.

"Anything. I don't care," she said and went into the kitchen to make some coffee herself as he didn't make it right yesterday.

They got used to the silence between them when they were in the kitchen together.

"We will have to go out this evening. There is a party and I am invited with you. The war ended," he said, making her food. He knew she was not going to be pleased by this information.

"I don't see the reason why I should be there," she said and pursed her lips.

"Because you were invited," he said and gave her sandwiches. Snape sighed with frustration. He should just use Imperio on her and make her do what she is told. If he could he would leave her here, but Voldemort specified that he wants to see her by his side.

"This is not up to me. I have to do what you tell me to do if I want to live. I know," she said defeated and ate some sandwiches he made her.

Lily got up and went towards the door. Right as she was about to exit, she hesitated. She wanted to ask him for something to do... To kill time. Maybe he had some books or anything. But she changed her mind and went to her room, burying herself in the linen. She is going to waste this day, and then another one, and another, one by one. Her life was gone.

Snape felt like shit every time she behaved like that. It was agony to look at her suffering. But he understood her. She felt like a puppet on his string, enslaved and used like a thing. He felt the same when it came to Voldemort. The Dark Lord liked Severus, but did it make any difference? He still had to do what he was told. He had a lot of freedom, though some freedom was not freedom.

And now Snape had to do the same for Lily. It was to keep her alive — but he knew that didn't change much. Lily was already growing apathetic to everything, she stopped caring. She would eventually develop hatred for him and would prefer death as liberation from this house and himself. He couldn't let it happen. She had to live.

Lily got up after the sun was already down. She noticed a long, shiny white dress hanging from the door. She sighed, but went to look at it closely. It was very heavy and ornamented with little almond shaped crystals. Lily felt guilty that she was excited to try it on.

There was always something so appealing about all those old wizarding families and Slytherins. They had their club that she was excluded from. That's why it hurt her that Snape was invited to be one of them and he chose them over her. She loved the parts of her magical identity so much and she always felt she was lacking, like she was an impostor, being in the wizarding community after growing up with Muggles. She thought Snape could understand it — but then she learned that he was actually from some important family and he was not a complete outsider like her.

Lily was very much afraid of this evening. She started putting on the dress but it was not so easy. She tied the laces as tight as she could, but the dress was still too big and too long for her. It kept slipping from her shoulders. It was beautiful but she didn't feel like a suitable person to wear it. She had no idea where Snape got this gown but it was for sure not made for her. Lily chose some random shoes and went to find him.

She felt pure fear. It was like she was going straight to the mouth of a tiger. Sitting in this hellhole with Snape was not the worst thing that could happen to her apparently. She had to also attend his Death Eaters banquets.

Snape knew he was going to love the dress on her but he still couldn't breathe properly while looking at her. Her milky body was melting with the creamy white dress and made her look ethereal. When he looked into her eyes he saw pure loathing and terror.

He wanted to tell her that she could hate him all she wanted, but she would never in her mind comprehend the hatred he had for himself. She would certainly laugh into his face after hearing that, which would be hard to bear especially right before this fucking party. He was afraid, though he couldn't show it to her. He had to seem he had everything under his control.

Snape still couldn't believe Voldemort let him keep her. She had dirty blood, and was fighting against him. The awareness that the Dark Lord can change his mind anytime was terrifying. He could kill Lily right in front of Snape, he could torture her just to punish himself.

Voldemort knew almost everything about Snape. He knew the emotional state Snape was in right now. He knew Snape didn't care about the money, the power or even winning this fucking war. That made Voldemort impressed but also uncertain of Snape's allegiance. Now he will be more than sure. Seeing Lily so beautiful and pure Voldemort will believe why Snape was doing all the things he did. Having the woman he desired was a believable motivation.

"Please, take my hand," Snape said to her and offered her his arm.

"Like I have a choice," she said with a weak, trembling voice.

Snape pursed his lips. He didn't have a choice either.

When they teleported in front of a big residence, Lily gasped. It was beautiful. She turned around to see a gorgeous looking garden lit with lanterns. She saw white murmur statues and benches and was amazed. Snape saw her reaction to Malfoy's garden and felt strange. She despised his wretched little home but was speechless when she saw this residence, which also belonged to the Death Eater. Maybe he should beg Voldemort for money if that's what she desired.

"Just keep yourself close to me and don't speak or react to whatever will happen," he muttered and opened the door.

Lily promised to herself that she was going to stop speaking and reacting once and for all, but didn't have time to say it. They were greeted by the Malfoys. She knew them from school. Always together, superior and better than everyone else. Lily envied Narcissa with passion. She was so privileged. Wealthy, beautiful, loved and adored by everyone. Narcissa never cared about the war, the politics or anything — she didn't have to. No matter what the outcome of the conflict will be, she is going to win somehow. Her family was too powerful and influential to let her sink. Meanwhile Lily had to always prove herself, she was from the outside, didn't know anyone, didn't have any connections or influence. Even when she was with James she felt like nothing compared to Cissy.

The Malfoys smiled brightly when they saw Severus. Lily looked at his reaction but he just nodded to them and came closer. Narcissa let go of Lucius' hand and hugged Snape tightly.

"I'm so happy to see you here! With Lily!" she said, genuinely happy, "I see you made use of the gown," she said.

Lily raised her eyebrows, understanding suddenly from where Snape got this dress. She pursed her lips not to say anything.

"I didn't have time to buy anything appropriate. I will be forever thankful for your help, Cissy, you saved me embarrassment in front of my dear Lily," Snape said.

Lily had to constantly support her dress because it was so heavy with all of the underskirts and heavy stones stuck to it, she felt like it might just slip off her and expose her almost naked body beneath it. Snape also noticed that and embraced her waist keeping it in one place. It made her both embarrassed and thankful, but she didn't say anything.

She knew people were staring at them. Snape talked with some men she knew from the school or the newspapers. The whole Ministry of Magic was there... The war really fucking ended.

From across the dancing hall she saw Voldemort. He was occupied with some discussion. She felt sudden terror in her heart and her legs collapsing beneath her. If Snape didn't keep her close to him, pressing her hip to his leg she would probably faint on the ground. She instinctively clung onto him.

"I know. Don't be afraid," he whispered.

She swallowed her gasp and nodded. The dancing music started and she noticed dancing pairs formed. She didn't know how to dance. She knew how to dance in her jeans with a bottle of beer in her hand, but not how to dance in the dress she couldn't even walk properly. Snape hugged her tightly and lifted her a little with his strong arms. Lily placed her head on his shoulder, closing her eyes and trying to calm her heart.

He started swaying gently with her body in his hands. He felt her breath was more steady with each moment of this dance. He smiled for the first time in... months probably. He was glad Lily couldn't see how happy he was to be here with her. It was selfish, he knew it. But he hated the fact that he was always alone. Third wheeling Lucius and Narcissa, standing alone near the door to disappear quickly unnoticed. He couldn't socialize for his life. Now he had someone to dance with.

Lily on the other hand felt like a doll. Lifeless, hopeless and miserable object. She opened her eyes to see Death Eaters and their women looking at her with disgust. All the finest people from the Wizarding Society, the most powerful Wizard on earth and her, dirty whore Voldemort gifted to one of his most faithful follower as a bribe. When she looked at Severus' face she trembled. He was happy. He was smiling with tears of joy in his eyes. This had to be some fuckery. He stopped smiling when he saw her disgusted eyes and put her back on the floor ashamed.

Lily pursed her lips again and avoided his gaze. Her throat was so dry.

"I'm so terribly sorry, Lily. I'm sorry," he said to her and shook his head, regretting this moment of forgetfulness.

"I'm happy you are enjoying yourself," she hissed and looked outside of the window to avoid the disgusted faces of the people here, "can you bring me something to drink?" she asked, whispering. She knew he told her not to talk, but hoped there were exceptions.

Snape hesitated, as he didn't want to leave her alone in some corner of this big room full of people, but he eventually decided to go, as her gaze was like a storm coming on him. Her hate was fair. He was enjoying the worst moments of her life.

Lily turned back and looked through the window in the garden. It was already dark but some statues were visible because of their proximity to the castle or lantern. She dreamed of opening the windows and getting some fresh air. The dancing hall was already humid and hot. She felt a hand on her back and jumped frightened. It was Narcissa.

"Don't be scared. I came to help you with the dress. I noticed Severus went somewhere with the Dark Lord and I thought it's not wise to leave you here alone," she said and her voice sounded beautifully, like a bell, "May I?" she asked and started adjusting her dress to her body without waiting for her answer.

Lily felt shivers when the other woman touched her breasts to put them into the cups in the dress and then when she smoothed out the corset and tied it properly. She sighed quietly when Narcissa took her hair out of her neck and touched it with her warm and soft hands to fasten the little buttons.

"We should dance together. Lucius also went with them and I don't want to dance with some sweaty old Ministry creep," she said with a smile that was surprisingly sincere.

Lily was so stunned to realize how fucked up and unusual this situation was. Cissy put her hand on Lily's waist and started leading the dance as if she was a man. Their breasts were pressed together and Lily could feel the scent of Narcissa's powder. It was unreal how beautiful the woman was, even from that close. Lily could not stop looking at her face and her neck.

"I know Severus is ugly," Cissy started.

"What?" Lily asked, forgetting she was told not to talk.

Narcissa smiled.

"I know he is unattractive, Lily. I know he is not your Potter, but believe me, Severus is like a brother to me and I advise you not to hurt him," she whispered to Lily's neck.

"He is not ugly. Not from the outside at least," Lily said, uncomfortable by this situation. She was always pissed when people were so obsessed with Snape's alleged ugliness. He looked like a normal man. It was his fucking personality that was the problem.

"Huh," Cissy raised her eyebrows, "we have completely contradictory opinions of him then. If you would ask me who was the most moral person here in this room full of Wizarding elite, I would not hesitate to point at Severus. And you accuse him of being a bad person..."

"What do you want from me?" Lily said and her voice was not mean, just desperate. She looked at the room and she couldn't see Snape anywhere. She was on the mercy of this woman apparently.

"Just one simple thing. Don't play with him. If you cannot love him, because of his face, or you don't like his character, or anything, I don't care; if you cannot love him, don't use him. Like the last time. I will not let it be like the last time," she said and tightened her fingers on Lily's corset.

Lily looked at her confused.

“Don’t make those eyes. You know what I mean. Severus will let you live in his house happily, he will not touch you, he promised me. You don’t have to do anything for him. But if you decide to get close to himself, think fucking twice. I see your annoyed looks you give him. He will bear it and he will take them gratefully, as he wants you more than anything in this world for some reason. Just don’t try to manipulate him with your pretty body and fake affection and then leave him like trash like the last time you did,” she said, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear.

“What would you do if I didn’t obey? Kill me? I don’t care if I get killed,” Lily said, gathering all of her strength to talk back to the woman.

Narcissa smiled and swayed Lily gently. She was a really good dancer.

“I will do nothing. This is not a threat. This is a request. I know you feel like you are this ethically perfect person, but you just wait for an excuse to be a bitch. And you might think that Severus gave you that excuse, when he begged the Dark Lord, crying and banging his head on the floor to spare your life and give you to him. You might think that you are a victim of this whole situation. But trust me, you are not. You are not stupid, Lily. Think what might have happened to you if Severus didn’t risk his life to beg for yours in front of Voldemort,” Narcissa hissed and they both stopped dancing for a second, hearing screams from down the hall. The music started playing louder to hide the screams and Lily noticed she couldn’t spot any Death Eaters in this room.

She turned to Narcissa trying to read anything from her eyes, but the woman already put on a fake nice smile. Lily took a step back finally understanding what those screams were.

Voldemort let the Death Eaters play with the captives. Her friends might be tortured in this moment, in this castle and she is dancing with a Black. She gasped and felt sick. And Snape was there.

She turned around and went into the dark corridor where the screams were coming out. She went in that direction, although she felt like her knees were shaking.

“Where the fuck do you think you were going, Lily?” she felt Snape’s strong fingers on her arm as he jerked her angry.

She was too stunned to speak. The silence was cut with the sharp scream of someone.

“Who is this? What were you doing?” she asked with tears in her eyes.

“Go back to Narcissa. This is an order,” he muttered mad at her.

“I want to go and see,” she said, as angry as him. She freed herself from him and started going towards the door.

Snape grabbed her from the back, blocking her mouth with his hand and picked her up. She tried to bite him and she sobbed into his fingers when she heard another scream. She tried to break away from him, but it was not possible. He was much stronger and bigger.

Snape went into some other part of the castle, away from Voldemort and opened some random door with his back. He threw her brutally on the bed, while she gasped for air.

“Fuck!” he screamed loudly at her, trying to control himself.

“What?” she screamed back, choking on tears and sobs.

“Are you trying to get yourself killed?!” he spat.

Lily breathed heavily and sat on the bed, feeling like her skin was burning as she was furious.

“My friends might be tortured by your fucking master and your fucking buddies and by YOU, and you want me to dance and look nicely, waiting until you end your fucking highlight of the night!” Lily sobbed frantically to him.

“Would you rather take their place, Lily? Huh?” he came close and looked into her eyes angrily.

Lily bit her lips hard and tried to control her cries.

“Yes. Lead me there and let them torture me,” she ordered calmly staring into his eyes.

Snape stared back, trying to read from her face if she is for real. She was.

“You are lucky I’m not going to do what you ask me for,” Snape muttered in her face.

“Why not? You told me you don’t care about me,” she talked back and stood up from the bed.

Snape opened his mouth and didn’t know what to say to that.

Lily started laughing but her eyes were still wet from the tears.

“You are pathetic. If you want me, then take me like a man. Like a Death Eater would. I promise it will relieve you. You wanted it for a long time, huh? Just fuck me and then kill me. It’s fair. We will both be at peace finally,” she cried.

Every time she said something like that and looked at him the way she looked, Snape felt something dying inside him. She really did see him as a creep obsessed with her.

“I will not hurt you. And I will not let anybody hurt you,” he said calmly, coming to his senses.

“It hurts me to be your hostage. To spend my life with someone who helped take everything from me. You think you will feed me and care for me and I will fall in love with you, because I don’t have anyone else here in this world. You could be the only man left on earth and I would not let you touch me,” she said, hoping it would make him feel like shit.

Snape ran his hand on his face trying not to cry in front of her. He hated the day he was born. If she wants it like that, she can have it like that. His hollow and empty eyes became cold like steel. He felt his heart closing for good.

The only thing that saved himself through all those unbearable years was his ability to detach himself emotionally from the situation. It was his coping mechanism he developed from childhood. When he was with Lily he didn’t have to use it. Until now.

“Great. We are coming home then,” he said and grabbed her wrist, then he teleported them both back to his house.

3. Coffee Mug

Lily was grieving.

Or that's how Snape justified her behavior to himself. When they came back to his house she wasn't screaming or cursing him, she just cried and cried and cried. She went into her room and Severus went to the kitchen to listen to what she was up to.

But he only heard sobs and cries, sometimes interrupted by her frantic spasmodic breath.

Snape took a pack of cigarettes from his pocket and started smoking trying to detach himself emotionally from Lily. This whole deal would be one hundred percent easier if he wasn't in love with her. Then her sadness wouldn't slash his heart with every sob he heard. He exhaled the smoke slowly looking outside of the window on the dark forest. Lily's cries sounded as if she could suffocate on tears, but then she cried louder and went to sobbing again. Severus tried to close his heart from her again, but the more he tried, the more he cared. He was strong enough to hide and control his feelings and thoughts in front of Dark Lord, which was almost impossible, but couldn't for the love of God stop caring about her. Snape closed his eyes and leaned on the back of the kitchen chair.

If only she stopped seeing him as an enemy. He understood why she was not able to do that but... He hadn't done anything bad to her, ever. Only this one fucking time, this one fucking word that slipped faster than he could think, one fucking second of his life, right after Potter assaulted him and Lily smiled with scorn, and this damn moment made his life a misery ever since. He had done everything for her. He saved her from Voldemort. He didn't want anything in return. She didn't have to speak to him even. Although it would be a lot fucking easier for them both, if she decided to open up. He felt the cigarette burning his finger and tossed it into the sink. He understood her.

He understood that what he had done, the word, the allegiance with Voldemort — it was unforgivable. He was indeed doomed. But she didn't have to be doomed with him. She didn't have to suffer like she did. He was doing everything in his power to save her. He knew his house was not as fancy as Malfoys, he didn't have working electricity when there was a storm, he had old and used utensils, his garden was unkept. It was not like in those romance books when a woman is kidnapped by a handsome, attractive billionaire with a mansion, cars and money. It was more like a horror story with some creepy weirdo capturing her and keeping her in an old isolated hovel like some sort of psychopath. He knew it was logical that Lily didn't trust him. He will have to wait a long time for her to even consider it. But it will happen. She will see good in him. She will trust him. This faith gave him strength not to slit his wrists right in this moment.

Snape lit another cigarette, because Lily didn't seem to stop crying anytime soon and he couldn't go to sleep until she have calmed down. He heard the door to her room opening and she got out still in her dress gasping for air from the spasms. The gown was wrinkled and she took her arms out of it, but couldn't untie the corset. He noticed she is heading towards the kitchen and looked the other way not to make her uncomfortable. She sent him a hateful look trying to contain her sobs and took a knife from the drawer, then ripped the lace from the

corset, keeping the dress on her with her hands. Damn, she was stunning. When he tried to look away again it was nearly impossible. She cried quietly and went into her room smashing the door shut and he jumped from the sound of it.

Snape regretted that he had to take her to this ball, but he didn't have much of a choice. He knew it was traumatic. He begged Narcissa to look after Lily and he knew she did, but still. Lily was grieving the fact that she lost the war. She was grieving the fact that she lost her freedom. It was all understandable. He wanted to tell her that he understood. But it wouldn't help her a bit. He finished the cigarette hearing the cries got weaker and weaker, until he couldn't hear them and went to check to see, if she was asleep. She was laying in the bed, her auburn hair scattered on the white pillow like uncontrollable flames. When he was looking at her he felt something sprouting in his lungs that made it harder to breath and hurt a little. He knew this sensation. It was love that he felt.

He wanted to hear her steady breath but the wuthering wind was too loud. He went back to his room. He had a long day full of work ahead of him.

Lily cried silently, blocking her sobs with a pillow pressed to her face. She heard him coming to her room and froze, thinking he was about to hurt her. She prayed to every God she knew so he will leave her alone. And God apparently listened, as he went away. She exhaled with relief. Her eyes were swollen from the tears and she felt as if she would sooner pass out than fall asleep. She got up and went to open the window. The cold wind blew in her face, but it was soothing. She tried to breath calmly. She couldn't take those screams she heard in the Malfoys manor out of her head. It was haunting her. She was having fun, dancing with Narcissa, mingling with the Ministry people, with the old families, everyone so happy that the war ended, in this lavish and opulent party and at the same time someone she might know was being tortured for fun by the Voldemort's freaks.

She was too tired to care about all of this. Lily went to the bed and wrapped herself in blankets and comforters to feel as if she was hugged by someone. When she woke up it was cold and the wind blew from the opened window. She got up to close it and saw Snape going out of the house and teleporting somewhere. She was happy he left the house, as she needed some time alone in peace.

She wanted to inspect the manor freely, which she could never do when Snape was here. First, she went to the kitchen and made herself some coffee. She opened the case with mugs in it. She inspected all eight of them. One was too big, two were too small for an amount of coffee she liked, two were a little bit broken on the side, one was in a weird shape, one had too narrow lug to keep it in hand. She chose the one made with fine china that had blue peacocks painted all over it. She brew herself some coffee and added milk hoping it's not spoiled. She found fresh bread on the table. Severus probably bought it in the morning for her. She ate a plain wheat bun with her coffee looking through the window.

Sometimes when the weather was rainy and everything was damp the colors were more bright and saturated than when it was sunny. It was the case that day. The leaves on the trees were either red, yellow or green. The moss was stunningly emerald. Lily saw some squirrels and birds on the branches. She definitely wanted to visit the forest one day. It looked far more friendly than the Forbidden Forest near their school.

Lily stood up and cleaned after herself. She didn't have her wand so it was quite bizarre to wash the dishes again like a Muggle and not cast a cleaning spell. She decided to start her exploration of the house with Snape's room. She opened the door with ease. His place was kind of messy. He had clothes and books everywhere. His bed was unmade. He slept only with a small square pillow and a blanket. Maybe he had to give her his pillows and blankets cause he didn't have enough for two beds.

He had a big, old metal bowl filled with water probably to wash his face. Lily liked the fact that she was in his private space and somehow she was violating his privacy. She hoped she could find something embarrassing in there. But she couldn't. It was rather depressing space. White walls, a bed, a bookcase and a wardrobe. She lied in his bed for a moment. It was not the most comfortable thing to sleep on. She felt a spring from the mattress hurting her back.

She thought if he slept on this bed before she was here or did he just take it and gave her the better one. Her bed was way more comfortable and nice. She looked at the mattress and saw that it had a curve big enough for Severus' body, so he must have used it a lot. Lily stood up and saw a big crow on the windowsill peeking inside the room. She opened up the window and smiled. The bird looked confused or maybe she misinterpreted it, but it didn't back off — quite the opposite. The crow moved its little head forward and looked at the room, but then it flew away. Lily felt bad that she didn't have any treats for him.

She went out of the room to inspect the house more. She opened the door with a staircase leading to the attic and went there, but she was disappointed. There was nothing interesting there, just boxes and some old, old furniture. And it was really cold and windy there, so she decided to just leave it and maybe search through it later. She was generally feeling chilly, so she went back to Snape's room and grabbed his hoodie. She looked weird in her white long sleeping gown that she got probably also from Narcissa and in his oversized clothes that looked like another dress on Lily.

There was another room at the end of the narrow hall so she went there and opened it. She saw a desk and more bookcases. And a lot of papers. This must have been Snape's office. She smiled. This was what she was looking for. The room was small and rather claustrophobic. It had a desk, a lamp, big armchair and a wooden chair behind the desk. The walls were completely covered with bookcases that must have been built for this room, because they were as tall as the ceiling. Lily inspected the books closely and tried to read the titles. He didn't have anything modern books, just some old novels that, Lily had to admit, looked cool, but she had no interest in reading them. This house was so boring. Without the TV and anything to do besides staring at the wall for the whole day.

The woman focused on the papers Snape had on his desk. She found a folder full of them, but they didn't seem interesting. It was hard to decipher Severus' handwriting, but after a while she noticed it was not the handwriting that was the problem, it was the fact that all of the notes were written in some kind of code that she couldn't figure out. That was intriguing for her. She started going through his notes trying to find something she could read. She was curious how long did he write in it. Was it because he knew she will be living with him or did he do it before?

Lily was glad she had something to do that day. After an hour of looking through the papers she felt she was hungry so she made herself an instant ramen she found in the kitchen

and then she went back to searching while eating it and sitting on the floor. She found only some vague little notes written in proper English and a couple of drawings and sketches of human bodies. She sighed and took another box full of papers to inspect, but they were also all written in the code.

She didn't notice when Severus opened the door to the house and went in. He looked inside her room, but she wasn't there. She wasn't in the kitchen or anywhere. He found her sitting on the floor, in his old hoodie, searching for something in his notes. His office was a mess but he didn't care. He felt warmth. That was the first time he came back from work to home. And to her.

Lily noticed his fragrance first, then she turned back and saw him standing above her with a face that didn't show any emotions at all. She thought he was about to scream at her because she was looking through his papers, but he didn't, he just stared at her. He didn't say anything. She decided to just stand up and leave, if he is not going to talk about this situation. Whatever.

She went to her room feeling her heart beating fast. She was still terrified of him. Especially when he was this quiet and emotionless. Maybe he was some kind of a sociopath and he wasn't capable of feeling anything... That would explain a lot. He rarely showed any emotions, he joined the Death Eaters and yesterday he was not moved by the fact that someone was tortured. He just had a weird obsession with her. The thought of Snape being a tedious monster was seeming more and more believable in Lily's head. He wasn't like that always, of course, but no murderer was a murderer when he was a kid.

She was lying in bed listening to Snape making himself some lunch in the kitchen. They didn't spoke to each other since yesterday. Lily thought about the time they were kids. She wished he could talk with the little boy she was once friend with. And what she had left was this excuse of a man who was working for an evil Wizard that took everything from herself. She was just lonely. And sad. It seemed to her that present Snape and her old friend Severus had only one thing in common: they shared the same body. Snape — a Death Eater — possessed her dear Severus like a demon.

Lily felt her eyes becoming full of tears. She never fully processed the fact that she lost him. She cut off herself from him because he hurt her and she had other people to spend time with. She had James who was interested in her. She had her girlfriends. And now it was only him and her.

She heard steps coming towards her and wiped her eyes with the linen. She turned her head and saw Snape with a bowl of homecooked pasta with vegetables. He left the tray on her nightstand and left without saying a word to her. His silence started bothering her. She sat down when he went out of her room and started eating, as the food was warm and smelled delicious and comforting. Lily felt a lot of conflicting emotions inside her. She knew that he cared for her because he wanted something from her, but at the same time... She thought about him coming back from work tired and cutting onions, tomatoes and zucchini to make her a meal. And the fact that he left her fresh buns this morning. He was not a monster maybe.

Then who he was. Maybe just a corrupted and weak man who wanted to gain power and have control over her. She thought how stupid it was. All he had to do was not being a Death

Eater. And she would still be his friend. He failed this one simple task. Maybe he just wanted to have both things he wanted at a time. Herself and his Dark Arts. She sighed sadly and finished eating.

She suddenly flinched as an old memory flashed her. Lily felt her muscles tensing. She probably wiped it from her memory as it was so embarrassing.

A year ago or something like that, when she was on a mission against Voldemort with some people from the Order of the Phoenix, she got stuck in the middle of the battle. She rarely thought. A Death Eater in the mask appeared out of nowhere and Lily was terrified as hell. He didn't kill her on the spot which was weird, but she had some time to gather thoughts and start running. She tripped on her own legs and fell on the grass. She accepted the fact that she was going to die, but then she felt someone picking her up and looked into her frightened eyes and simply said that she had to run away from there and that it was a trap. She almost didn't recognize his voice, because the mutation made it way deeper, but she recognized the black irises staring at her. He pushed her a little from himself so she could run away. She was the only person that survived this mission and after that she avoided any confrontations with the Death Eaters all together.

She never told anybody about this situation. Not even Dumbledore, nor James. They assumed she was traumatized and she never had to take part in any risky missions ever again.

It was painful to remember it. Lily was so ashamed as this situation was indeed completely pathetic. Her clumsiness and falling down, the fact that he saved her out of mercy. The fact that she was now indebted to Snape forever. She exhaled deeply. Why her brain had to make her remember the most embarrassing moment of her life. It was even harder now to decide on her opinion she had about him. Even if he had been a good person to her, but a bad person to everyone else, it still made him a bad person. But she somehow felt safer and calmer being here in his house. Maybe he really just wanted to keep her alive through the war... And didn't want anything in return, just as Narcissa said.

Lily still didn't know what could she possibly do with her life right now. She was saved, thankfully, but what now? She couldn't work or do anything related to magic, as Voldemort forbade it. Maybe Snape wanted her as his housewife. But then she should be doing all the cooking and cleaning, and right now he was serving her and not the other way around. Figuring out what he wanted from her would be easier if they would just communicate, but... Lily was still afraid of him. She was completely powerless in this relationship. And he didn't speak to her either so why she should start talking.

She was thinking for the whole evening while lying in bed. She wished that Snape would leave the house again so she would be able to explore the attic freely. She fell asleep when it became dark, listening to Severus' walking around the house.

When she woke up it was very early in the morning. She opened the window to see the fog on the meadow nearby. It was so beautiful. She saw two does running through it and she smiled. She was in a good mood for the first time... in a long time.

She changed into other sleeping gown that she had prepared in her closet as it was the most comfortable thing to wear she had here. She went to the bathroom and heard Snape preparing breakfast. She headed to the kitchen without saying a word and opened the case where he had the cups. There was no sign of her favorite mug there. She squinted her eyes

and looked into the sink, but it wasn't there either. Then she saw it. Her favorite mug was on the table, next to the Snape's seat, with his coffee in it.

Severus watched her intrigued, but felt weird when she sent him a deathly look. He couldn't figure out why would she be suddenly mad at him. They were standing and looking at each other for a couple of seconds, both of them determined not to speak first. Lily was the one to lose.

"You took my mug," she said.

Snape blinked trying to understand what she meant. He had this mug for as long as he lived there.

"It's mine," he said.

"I make myself coffee in it, I like it," she said and sent him another hateful glare.

"I can give it to you and make myself some new coffee," he offered, shocked that she would be mad at something so stupid.

Lily sighed dramatically and took a white plain mug and started the express.

4. Fresh Basil

Another day passed and all Lily did was searching through the boxes on the attic. Snape came to her when she was reading his old Batman comic books out of boredom. When she noticed him she just got up and went into the kitchen after him, as this was time for dinner.

She sat up and looked as he took off his black jacket and started the fire under the pan and the pot with water. Lily stared at him shamelessly. She felt lonely after another day here and wanted to spend some time with someone, even if Snape was the only person available. He made them tomato pasta and after that they ate in silence. Lily wondered what is he working on for the whole day, but she got accustomed to the silence between them and didn't want to break it out of curiosity.

"Thank you," she said and went to put the dish in the sink.

"Did you like it?" Snape asked and felt the hope that she will appreciate his efforts.

Lily nodded.

"I would love some fresh basil with that," she said on her way to the room.

And that was the most civil conversation they had since she was here.

Snape felt hope sprouting in himself. He noticed he was tensed and exhaled slowly trying to relax. She didn't seem to hate him today; it was enough.

He cleaned the kitchen with some spells and went to his office to get some things done before tomorrow. Lily just lied in bed hearing his typing machine. She was so unimaginably bored.

She left her room and sat in the kitchen and opened a can of coke looking through the window. The sun was coming down and the sky was full of beautiful colors. The old and rusty kitchen looked beautiful in the warm and soft sunshine. The tall and dried out grass was shrouded in mist. Lily noticed the typing machine was silent and looked at the door to the kitchen, where — as she predicted, stood Snape. She didn't mind some company. He took a soda out of the fridge and sat down. If Lily didn't snort at him or didn't make a face, then he was welcomed to sit with her.

He also looked outside of the window. The beauty of the sunset was already fading and the darkness covered the surroundings. Lily noticed some crows sitting on the windowsill. Snape stood up and took some insects and mice from the mousetraps he had around the house and fed them with it. More crows appeared out of nowhere.

Lily has never seen anything like that. She smiled a little. Snape turned back a little to see it and was so glad he could give her some entertainment. While the birds ate, he was preparing to talk with her. About anything. Just keep some conversation. Like normal people do. However, it was not that easy. Lily noticed that he was tensed and she felt embarrassed for him. She was able to just live with him, if that was what she had to do to survive. But she was still not sure what kind of relationship they should maintain. She looked the other way,

crushed the can with her hand and left as the kitchen became almost completely dark and cold because of the opened window.

Lily lied down and sighed trying to make herself comfortable. She heard Snape walking around the rooms and typing on the machine. He was clearly very busy. Lily fell asleep listening to the sounds he made. It was so calm and soothing.

She woke up feeling the scent of coffee and eggs and went straight to the kitchen rubbing her eyes and yawning, feeling like a kid waking up for school. She sat down on her usual seat and saw that Snape brew her coffee in her favorite mug they argued about. She grinned for a moment, but then she noticed that he is looking at her.

"They didn't have any fresh basil in the nearby store," he said and sat down. He prepared eggs with bagels.

"Huh. It's probably a small shop, we should go to a supermarket and get some things there," she said and started eating.

"Do you want to go do groceries with me?" he asked and gave her sugar for her coffee, as he remembered she liked it.

Lily shrugged her shoulders.

"Why not. I need some things. They usually have a lot of stuff in the shops like that. Books, clothes, more food. Maybe I could find something that would help me kill some time here," he said.

"Are you bored?" he asked.

"I'm sitting in the old house alone. What I'm supposed to do here? Of course I'm bored..." she sighed and sipped some coffee. It was really good.

Snape sat silent for a moment. He didn't think about the things she could possibly do here in his home. In fact, he didn't have anything to suggest to her.

"I can invite Narcissa over, if you feel lonely," he said. She was the only woman he was friends with. And he didn't want any of his male friends to even know where Lily is.

Lily responded with silence. She felt a lot of things. Loneliness for sure. But she would like to spend some time with a person that could understand her and that she knew well. It was hard to trust Narcissa. And she didn't seem to be the most sympathetic person.

Snape understood her silence. He finished his breakfast and stood up.

"I will be out of the house... for a longer time today. I'm sorry," he said.

Lily looked at him and frowned. What is he sorry for.

Snape left the room, put on his shoes and went outside.

He teleported inside the Ministry of Magic. People nodded with fear or admiration when they saw him, depending on the relation they had with the new establishment. He went inside the elevator and the rest of the workers exited, leaving it to himself. Snape exhaled and relaxed his face a little bit as he was alone. Severus knew exactly what makes people respect

him. The fact that he was one of the closest people to Voldemort. Normally they would see him as worthless, like before the war.

He greeted his assistant, then went inside his office. It was luxurious and beautiful. Black or dark blue, elegant and opulent. Snape preferred his office at home, but he couldn't complain. He had a lot of work to do so he dived right into it.

Every time he felt his mind wondering he was thinking about Lily. Was she bored again? Did he left her anything to eat? Was she safe and all right? He casted all the protective spells he could think of, but he still was so afraid that someone will find out where she is and take her away from him.

Today he had a lot of work about the research that was about to be done in the Love Room. With the change of the Minister there was a lot of loosening of the prohibitions considering the studied conducted by the Department of Mysteries. He generally was quite glad with that fact, as he always believed in science. But he knew that there were always bad people trying to use the research for bad things. He was hoping he could prevent that.

The first thing was the research for the potion with the opposite effect to Amortentia. It would make someone fall out of love after taking it. Snape stood up and went to the little narrow window he had in his room. He knew that potion like that would be useful. However, he was sad by the fact that some people looked at love like the curse that had to be lifted. Someone might think that his love for Lily was tragic, unrequited, pathetic and that he should use a potion like that. He was aware how it looked from the outside. And it didn't matter a bit.

Severus clung to the love he had for Lily as the only pure part of himself. He didn't want anything from her. He didn't want to use her to fulfill his desires. He just made her happiness and safety the sole purpose of his existence. He would say that his love for Lily was the only beautiful thing about his soul. If he was ever about to lost it, there would be no hope for him.

He went back to his desk and signed the document with the research permit. Love was the most important and beautiful thing, but it was also hard and Snape didn't believe that someone who didn't want to be in love should be forced to feel it.

Severus had some more permits and documents to read through and sign or reject, so he focused on the work. He wanted to finish everything as soon as possible, as he was so excited to go to the supermarket with Lily. She was no longer mean to him. This thought made his heart melt. He was hoping that one day she will be able to feel happiness within the role that was predestined for her. And that she would appreciate his company and partnership. Severus was not even considering the possibility that she will reciprocate his feelings. It was not possible. He would never believe in her love to him, especially now, when she is held hostage by him. If she would mistaken her feelings of attachment to him for love, he would not even consider it. He knew how the human psychology worked. She was dependent on him. Right now she was angry at him, but there will be time when the anger will pass and she will be maybe grateful. And she will express her gratitude with the thing she thinks Snape wants from her — her love.

However, Severus knew, that attachment or gratitude were not love. And will never be love. She could live without him just fine, she could be happy without him. She already was happy without him. The fact that she was dependent on him and was at his mercy was disqualifying the possibility of her being truly in love with him.

He sighed heavily and decided to finish the work for today, as he was not able to focus on anything that wasn't Lily. He went out of his office, locked it, said goodbye to his assistant and headed back home.

Severus opened the door and instinctively shouted "I'm back!", but felt so stupid after he did that. He sounded like a long awaited loved husband announcing his homecoming.

"Hello," Lily responded and walked out of her room with a book in her hand, looking at him with her usual boredom and indifference.

They looked at each other for a moment, but then Lily broke the eye contact and went back to her bed. Snape stood in the hall stunned. She responded to him. He relaxed his muscles and went to change his clothes, wash his hands and go prepare the dinner for them both.

Lily spent the day with some old novel she found on the attic in one of the old boxes. They must have been filled with the things that Snape took with himself when he moved here out of his old house he inhabited with his parents. Somehow she discovered a soft spot for him after going through them. She reminded herself that a long time ago... he was good. He was a little boy with pure heart. If there was only a way to get to the Sev she once knew.

She went to the kitchen when she smelled the dinner was ready. Snape was a really good cook apparently. His food was not refined, it was simple, but good. That day he made chicken pie with gravy. It was decent. Lily hoped that after the trip to the supermarket she will be able to grab some ingredients she usually used and maybe she would make the dinner one day.

"Thank you," she said and put her dish in the sink.

Snape pursed his lips and nodded in the response. It always melted his heart when she ate what he made and when she expressed any positive emotions towards him.

"Um... Are we still going to the supermarket?" she asked with a shy voice. She really hoped he didn't change his mind.

Snape was confused by her attitude. She could ask him to stab himself in the foot and he would do it. Besides, he was also looking forward to it.

"Yes, of course. Did you make a list? Of the things you want from there," he suggested and finished his food.

"Mhm. I did," she said.

"Okay, then we can go. It's almost dark," Snape wiped his mouth with a napkin and stood up.

Lily looked at him for a moment.

"Are you kidding? And the crows? They were peeking inside the house for the whole evening waiting for you. Feed them and then we can go," she decided.

Snape looked back at Lily checking if she is joking. But she wasn't. He felt something pleasurable inside himself and went to the fridge to grab some meat for them.

Lily stood up and watched him closely. She wanted to learn how to feed them.

Severus felt uncomfortable being watched. He never liked it. The fact that Lily was looking at him was both perfect and frightening.

She noticed that he just threw them the pieces of meat and the crows were catching it with much precision and eating it satisfied. Snape was focused on feeding every one of them the same amount of food.

“How will we get to the supermarket?” Lily asked, leaning on the fridge and watching him.

“Uhm... We will have to teleport there. You will have to touch me and I will cast the spell,” he responded and looked back at her.

Lily nodded and went to her room to change into some normal, Muggle style clothes. After she was done she stood up next to the door and waited. Snape came out of his room in his jeans and a hoodie. Something moved inside Lily’s chest as she saw him in his old clothes and style she still remembered he had when they were friends and spending vacations together. She felt a sudden wave of melancholy coming through her heart. She had to look away from him to stop herself from smiling. If only she could have just one day with the old him.

He understood what she meant. And he wished he could give it to her.

“Um... Let’s go,” he said and opened the door. It was rather cold outside.

Snape offered her his arm and she gripped it. He teleported them both smoothly and she noticed they were standing in front of the big parking lot in front of the popular chain supermarket. They went inside and Lily sighed as she was suddenly much warmer. They grabbed the cart and Snape took it as he was stronger.

Lily stared at him. He changed completely from the person he was inside his house. Snape’s face was bitter and serious. He was slouching a little and his hair looked like a curtain covering his face. He should be more pathetic in her eyes, but it was quite the opposite. She remembered how he was when he was a kid. So self-conscious and insecure. She thought he grew out of it, but he didn’t. He was just more comfortable at home and didn’t show it.

“You don’t have to worry about money, just grab what you need. I will take care of it,” he said, trying to hide the fact that he was so proud of himself that he was able to provide for her.

She nodded and looked around her. They were in an aisle with books. She went to the shelf and picked some cheap crime stories. She read the description carefully and threw a book inside the cart, if it seemed interesting. Snape was observing her. The music inside the shop was playing quite loud and Lily instinctively started rocking her hips to the melody, while reading. When she noticed what she was doing she lifted her gaze and noticed Snape was staring at her. She squinted her eyes, promising to herself that she will be more careful. She wasn’t here to make a show out of herself.

She moved to the section with clothes and picked out some comfortable fluffy bathrobe, warm slippers and some socks and underwear. Snape looked the other way when she was picking her thongs. He felt ashamed that she had to buy things like that with him, it was probably humiliating. However, Lily didn’t give a damn. She was a prisoner after all. She just

wanted to keep some basic hygiene and be comfortable. She then went on to buy herself some shampoo and other useful items.

Snape also grabbed some for himself. He wasn't the most clean and neat person on earth, he knew that. His mental health made it often hard to get out of bed, and sometimes impossible to get a shower. He knew those excuses sounded pathetic, but it was the truth. There were days, when undressing and getting inside a bathtub was way harder than facing Dark Lord. Though now that he lived with Lily it was his priority to at least not make her disgusted by him. He showered every morning, even if he resented the whole process more than anything. Touching himself, undressing himself, looking at himself at the mirror was a torture. But he wanted to spare Lily the pain of looking at his greasy hair or smelling his sweaty body. Narcissa helped him as much as she could with picking up scents that were matching him and choosing the right face cream for him, but he needed to restock.

Lily waited for him as he picked up some stuff. She was planning to make herself a gorgeous bath tomorrow, when he will be at work. She bought all her favorite soaps, bath salts and so on. His bathtub was kind of old and disgusting, but she could make it work.

Then they decided to enter the food section. Lily was hungry, so of course she bought as many snacks as she could fit inside the cart. Snape was glad she didn't grew up from her old eating habits. She still loved chocolate and sweet buns. When they were headed to the cash registers, he grabbed some flowers. He was ashamed that he was buying supermarket flowers, but he wanted to make the kitchen nice. They were eating together there. Lily pretended she didn't see him picking the pretentious red roses.

They started putting the stuff on the line together. The supermarket was almost empty, as it was late night in the middle of the week. The cashier was scanning their stuff, when Lily gasped.

"I forgot about the basil!" she told Snape with disappointment in her eyes.

"Let your boyfriend handle packing the items, you can go and grab it, sweetheart. I can hold the line if someone comes," the old lady smiled to Lily and the girl smiled back, then run to find the fresh basil.

Severus went to pack the scanned items just like the woman ordered him to do. His heart was beating faster and he knew that his eyes expressed happiness, but at the same time he was kind of ashamed. He was mistaken for Lily's boyfriend, she didn't deny it... But it will be awkward for sure.

Lily didn't come back before the cashier ended scanning their stuff. The lady looked at him with sympathy. He rarely experienced it. He knew she was nice to him because she was enchanted by the beauty and grace of Lily, and she was just associating him with her... But it still meant something to him.

Lily came back with a pot with fresh basil and smiled giving it to the lady.

"I'm sorry, I had to find it. The store is huge," she said.

"No problem, honey," lady said and scanned the basil, then she read the sum and Snape paid. He spent a lot of money, but Lily wasn't feeling guilty. After all, she was kidnapped and prisoned by him. And he offered that he is going to pay.

They went outside and Lily shivered. Snape put the shopping bags on the floor and handed her his hoodie. She hesitated, but took it. They couldn't teleport under the lights that the shop casted, they had to go to the other side of the parking lot. And it was cold.

When they were at home they separated the items that were supposed to go to the bathroom, Lily's sleeping room and the kitchen. She placed the fresh basil on the counter where the sun always shined and watered it a little. Snape placed the flowers inside some old vase. Then they both went to their beds without saying a word.

5. Sisters

Lily woke up noticing she had the most calm and peaceful night since she was here. The sun was high up and it was peeking through the thick layers of clouds. She must have slept late. Snape left her a note on the kitchen table that he will be gone and he will come back tomorrow at night. He also wrote that he invited Narcissa to keep her some company. Lily got stressed immediately.

She went into the bathroom to take a bath before the other woman comes to the house. She didn't want to appear this dirty and unkept when she will be here. Lily run the water and threw some smelling salts to the tub and went inside. She washed her head and body and then went to the kitchen to make herself some breakfast. The house was warm to her surprise, she wasn't cold when she went out of the water.

Lily prepared her coffee and took some buns from the groceries that Snape made earlier. She heard the door opening and wiped her hands in the tablecloth. She saw Narcissa in the hall. The woman was taking off her glove with her teeth as her other hand was occupied with some packages.

"Morning," Lily said and felt shy, because she was standing there in her robe with her hair wet and the older woman was in her beautiful equestrian like attire.

"Morning," Narcissa responded and put the package on the floor.

"Would you like some tea? Or coffee maybe?" Lily asked instinctively.

"That would be lovely, actually. I like the Earl Grey that Severus has" she said and went into the kitchen.

Lily followed her and put the kettle on. It was strange hearing her say Snape's name in such a way. Narcissa seemed really fond of him. Lily turned back and smiled a little, trying to be polite.

"You don't have to be here for long, I said to Snape that I feel bored and alone and he understood that I want your company... But I really don't want to keep you here, in this middle of nowhere," Lily said.

"You mean Prince, not Snape? He changed his surname, he should have told you," Narcissa replied and smiled to her, "Severus asked me to keep your company and take care of you until he comes back. All of the Heads of the Departments have some important things to do at the Ministry, so I would just sit at my house alone, as Lucius is with them" she sighed.

Lily frowned. It was pathetic that he changed his surname to match the one that his pure blood side of the family had.

"Snape is a Head of one of the Departments at the Ministry?" Lily asked.

"Yes, Department of Mysteries. He didn't tell you? Are you even talking with each other?" Narcissa asked.

Lily didn't respond. She felt stupid and uninformed. She should have asked Snape more about the war and current politics. She made a pot of tea and sat with Narcissa. The worn out and old kitchen looked even worse when the former Black woman was there. She emanated power and beauty, her golden locks were unreal and she was more like an angel than a human. They drunk the tea together in silence enjoying the taste.

"I brought you some of the old clothes that don't fit me no more, Severus said you might need new things," Narcissa said.

"That is very kind of you," Lily said, although she was not excited to wear her opulent garments again. She dreaded turning into her. A beautiful doll of a Death Eater.

Narcissa saw that Lily had some kind of gloom in herself. She understood it. And knew almost for sure, that Severus did not hurt the girl, but...

"Does he treat you right?" Narcissa asked and bit her lips a little.

"Huh?" Lily asked, as she was thinking intensively and didn't hear her.

"I meant... Is Severus good for you?" the woman asked again.

Lily raised her eyebrows. That was a peculiar question.

"He didn't hurt me in any way," she replied and looked at the trees through the window.

"That's not what I asked," Narcissa said.

"Yes, he treats me right," Lily said and felt stabbing pain in her chest.

Snape did good things for her. He saved her. He wanted to protect her. And she couldn't decide what she should feel and how she should act towards him. Maybe she should just give herself up and pretend she loves him so he will be satisfied and not get bored of her and throw her away. Lily felt defeated. She should have been loyal to her case, to her friends, she should have died with them, fighting the evil. But she was too weak. She wanted to be safe and comfortable. She didn't want to die. She didn't want to be banished from the magical world completely. Lily felt her eyes watering and she exhaled slowly.

Narcissa stood up immediately and hugged the girl tight. She felt sympathetic to her. She knew how Severus is. He wasn't charismatic, attractive man. He was more like a depressed goblin hiding in this old house like in a cave. If she really didn't feel anything for him, it was not strange that she felt trapped and unsafe. But she didn't know that Severus was not a sadist, unlike many of the Death Eaters. There was not a safer place for the girl than by his side.

Lily sobbed into her neck sending warm shivers down her spine. Narcissa pressed their bodies together trying to calm her down.

"Shh," she whispered to Lily's ear and kissed her cheek with care.

Lily breathed more steadily and calmed down smelling Narcissa's perfume.

"You can talk with me. We are about to spend the whole day together... You cannot chew up emotions inside yourself all the time, you have to let it go..." Narcissa said.

Lily leaned on the chair and looked in her eyes. She wasn't sure if she could trust her. Narcissa wiped her tears with her warm and soft hands and kissed her forehead. Lily felt safe with her. She was touch starved and wanted to be taken care of in such a motherlike way. Lily understood why Narcissa was so popular and loved by all the Slytherin girls. She had this soothing warmth. Two women stared into each other eyes trying to decipher each other thoughts.

"Why are you nice to me?" Lily asked quietly.

"Because Severus asked me to be good to you. And because I think you are a bitch and I like women like you," she said and smiled in a flirtatious manner.

Lily laughed through the tears and shook her head.

"I'm a Mudblood, your sister would spit in my direction if she would see me," Lily said.

"Who said I'm like my sister? I'm rather an opposite of her. Do you have a sister?" Narcissa asked.

Lily sighed and nodded. She was also completely different than her sister, Petunia. Why it was so hard to keep a good relationship with ones sister?

"My sister hates me because I'm a witch and she isn't," Lily said and poured herself some tea.

"My sister hates me because I'm not a Death Eater and I'm only interested in stupid shit like romance books and being pretty," Narcissa put her cup up so Lily could also pour her tea.

"I think she is jealous of you," Lily said.

"I know! The same case with your sister," Narcissa said and drunk some tea.

They both looked at each other with empathy.

"Well, if our sisters hate us we should be each other chosen sisters" Lily said.

"And hate each other eventually just like sisters do," Narcissa laughed.

Lily smiled.

"If that's how it have to be, then yes. But let's try and avoid that part," Lily said.

"What do you want to do today?" Narcissa asked.

"I don't know honestly..." Lily responded.

"We should go outside when your hair dries," she suggested and Lily nodded.

They drunk the rest of the tea and then Lily went to the bathroom to detangle her hair and then moved to her room to change into some warmer clothes. Narcissa waited for her patiently and then they both went outside. The air was fresh and quite pleasant.

"Do you want to ride my broom with me?" Narcissa offered, "we will be able to get to the top of the hill faster. Then we can go down and talk."

"That sounds good," Lily said and sat behind the older woman.

She hugged her from the back and they both flew into the air. Lily looked down on the Snape's house and his surroundings. The area was very beautiful. There was a little village nearby. A walking distance. That was probably the place where Snape buys her bread. They landed smoothly on the top of the hill. It was covered in trees.

"There is an old wizarding graveyard nearby, want to see it?" Narcissa asked.

"We can. It seems interesting," Lily responded.

She followed Narcissa through beautiful forest. After some time they approached a rusted metal fence. They went inside and Lily looked around. It was cute. Not even scary or creepy. The statues were beautiful and artistic.

Lily paused for a moment and looked at Narcissa, thinking about the things she said.

"Why did you say that I'm a bitch?" Lily asked Narcissa genuinely curious.

"Uhm... Well, maybe I was a little bit too harsh. And I sided with my friend more, normally I have more female solidarity. But you know... You were not so nice to Severus. I always thought that is was so strange that you completely cut him off. And you have been friends for so long. Even after he tried to kill himself you were not interested in how he has been..." Narcissa said.

"He tried to what?" Lily asked and frowned confused.

"You forgot about it? My god, Lily, you are worse than I thought," the woman raised her eyebrow. Lily really didn't give a fuck about Severus.

"What are you trying to say? I'm confused, you told me he had a suicide attempt?!" Lily went close to her and looked her in the eyes completely serious.

"Yes. Remember, he was in hospital wing for some time? You didn't even visit him once. That was pretty fucked up," Narcissa pursed her lips.

"God, when?" Lily asked again.

"After the situation by the lake. Some time after... Like a week after," Narcissa said.

Lily exhaled and felt like she was about to throw up.

"I don't remember this. I didn't know," she said quietly feeling shame.

They stood in silence. Lily saw true pain inside Narcissa's eyes. She knew she was telling the truth.

"I know he hurt you," Narcissa said.

"He did," Lily said and sat down on one of the graves.

She felt dizzy. Why would he kill himself because she didn't accept his apologies. It was too extreme. He wasn't like that.

"He was hurt too," Narcissa said.

"I know. But still... I had a right to stop being friends with him. He should respect my will," Lily said.

“What? No, I don’t think he tried to do it because of you. He did it because of what James did,” she said.

“They were messing with him on multiple occasions, he always said that he didn’t care,” Lily shrugged her shoulders.

Narcissa shook her head.

“James sexually harassed Severus, Lily. The whole school was talking about it. He exposed him after you went away. You know, his... parts,” Narcissa said and sighed.

Lily frowned in horror. She knew how Snape was always so uncomfortable with his body. She could never touch him. He was always covered, hiding his limbs, ashamed of himself.

“It’s not right, Dumbledore would do something about it if it was the truth,” Lily said.

“God, are you blind?” Narcissa said in an irritated manner, feeling frustrated with the girl, “Dumbledore didn’t give two fucks about Severus. Nobody did. What would they do? Reprimand your Potter and what. The damage was already done. Fuck, I thought you knew,” Narcissa said.

“How would I know!” Lily stood up and felt her voice cracking and her eyes becoming watery with tears.

“I don’t know! Ask someone how Severus was!” Narcissa said back.

“Ah, yes, a Mudblood coming to Slytherins to ask about anything. That would end fucking great for me!” Lily said with irony.

Narcissa exhaled and tried to calm herself down.

“It’s not your fault, Lily. You had a right to cut Severus off from your life if that was what you wanted, it was your lover boy’s fault,” the woman said.

“I didn’t want to cut him from my life! He chose Voldemort over me!” Lily almost shouted, letting out all the pain she had inside her.

“Hold on, that’s not the truth. You had your allegiance to your House, he had his. But yes, after Voldemort healed him after his attempt he didn’t have much choice but to join him,” Narcissa sighed. This conversation was tiring.

Lily didn’t know what to respond. She was so confused and tired and didn’t know what to do.

“The damage is done already,” Narcissa said, “it was many years ago. He probably got over it. He went to the psychiatrist and was treated, he got some pills. Please, don’t bring this up to him. He will hate me, if he finds out that I told you about it,” she sighed.

“Why would he hate you? You did him a favor, now I can understand him better...” Lily said and stood up from the stone.

“He will think quite the opposite. He is not a fan of excusing his actions because of his trauma and he has a fear of appearing weak. That was why it was so bizarre when he cried in front of Voldemort and Death Eaters begging for your life. That was the first time most of

them saw him caring for anything. The façade of strong and stable man was crushed,” Narcissa said and pursed her lips.

Lily looked into the woods trying to understand all of this properly.

“He didn’t change much in that matter. It’s his problem that he can’t ask for help or doesn’t share his struggles. He never did,” Lily said.

“You always judge and blame him? No wonder you both don’t speak to each other,” Narcissa grimaced.

“You are on his side. You are his friend and you are with the Death Eaters. You can’t see it from my perspective,” Lily said.

“And what precisely does it change? You are harsher on him than on other people, you are more judgmental. I’ve just told you he was so desperate, he decided to take his life and you still blame him for it. I just think you are biased against him,” Narcissa said.

Lily sent her an angry look.

“He chose his ambitions and drive for power. He betrayed me. He hurt me more than anyone did. And now he tries to have me in a way that he desired, now he won, now he can dictate his conditions and I’m no one — just like he wanted,” Lily exhaled slowly feeling one more thought about him and she will cry.

“He didn’t. He apologized. You chose to side with your other friends. And my god, Lily. Do you even believe what you are saying? He just didn’t want you dead. If he wanted anything from you, he would take it already. You fixated on this scenario that he is so in love with you he wants to capture you, coerce you and rape you. This is not Severus,” Narcissa almost laughed, as it was so absurd.

“You think he is not really in love with me?” Lily asked and squinted her eyes.

Narcissa raised her eyebrows and smiled. A Slytherin smile.

“Why does that concern you?” she asked back.

Lily exhaled irritated.

“Just answer, my god,” Lily said.

Narcissa hesitated. She didn’t want to give Lily knowledge that she could use against her friend.

“He is in love with you. But not in a way that you think,” she answered.

“Like he loves me platonically?” Lily asked.

Narcissa laughed again.

“God, no. He loves you romantically. Like literally, romantically — in a sense of romantic, idealistic love. Tragic. Unrequited. Unfulfilled love. You know, like those pretentious writers did. I sometimes think he doesn’t even want you to reciprocate his feelings. He found his comfort in torturing his soul with you. The worse you are going to be to him, the more he can prove that he loves you unconditionally. It’s so fucking stupid,” Narcissa rolled her eyes.

Lily agreed in her head. She felt embarrassed for him. But at the same time she felt more calm and safe.

“He should get help. Like therapy or something,” Lily said.

“Try and talk to him about that, then tell me how it went,” Narcissa smiled, “With parents like that, all those years of bullying and then your rejection, it was clear he will grow up fucked up. But most of the people like him start to hurt people around them and he hurts himself.”

“He got fucked up after hanging out with the Death Eaters actually. And that’s not true, he hurts others,” Lily said.

“Not as much, trust me. Not as much,” Narcissa said and sighed sadly.

Lily looked at her eyes for a good moment. She felt like she was being manipulated to like Snape.

“Let’s go out of here,” Lily decided. She was cold and wanted to eat.

Narcissa nodded and they went down the hill in silence, both lost in their thoughts. Lily felt better and worse at the same time. Better, because she had someone to talk with and she went outside. Worse, because she felt guilty and sympathetic towards Snape. It was easier to despise him.

They approached home and went inside. Lily headed to kitchen to make them tea and Narcissa took meals she brought with her here and heated them with her wand. Two women ate and chatted more about their sisters and unimportant stuff. Lily felt comfortable in her presence.

The sun was almost down and Lily saw crows peeking inside the kitchen with their clever, small heads. She smiled.

“You know that Snape feeds the crows? They are always at the same time, here, waiting for him,” Lily said and stood up.

Narcissa smiled.

“I know. I stayed with him when Lucius is away,” Narcissa said.

Lily opened the fridge and found some meat parts Snape used to feed crows and then opened the window and started throwing them.

“Where did you sleep?” Lily asked.

“In your room,” Narcissa answered.

“We can share the bed. Snape’s room is not comfortable,” Lily said.

“I know,” the woman said.

Lily frowned.

“What? Have you slept there?”

Narcissa laughed.

“So jealous. No, never. Severus sleeps there alone. But I have seen it. The most depressing bedroom that I’ve ever saw.”

Lily nodded and closed the window. They went to her room and lied in bed reading some novels Lily bought yesterday. They quickly got tired and Lily couldn’t even remember how she fell asleep.

She partly woke up early in the morning to see through half open eyes Lucius and Snape in their Death Eater clothes, standing above her bed. She heard Narcissa standing up and the bed felt cold and empty without her. The Malfoy woman kissed Lucius hard.

“Silent, or you both are going to wake her up,” Lily heard Snape’s irritated voice.

Lily opened her eyes and looked at them. Narcissa kissed her forehead like a mother would do.

“Go back to sleep, Lily. See you again,” she whispered.

Snape loved Narcissa dearly. But he loved her even more seeing how nice she is to Lily.

The girl barely knew what is happening, because she was still half asleep. She saw the Malfoys exiting her room. But Snape didn’t go. He was looking at her for what felt like an eternity. He leaned towards her and Lily suddenly got scared that he is going to do something bad to her. She tensed.

“Please, no...” she begged and turned her face away.

“I wanted to... Your blanket slipped... It’s cold,” Severus said embarrassed. He hated the fact that she was still instinctively afraid of him.

He exited her room without touching her or tucking her in bed, leaving the scent of his cologne in the air. Severus closed the door gently and went to his bedroom. He wanted to be loved like Lucius was. He always felt so pathetic third wheeling Malfoys. Watching Narcissa happy with the man she loved truly. Narcissa would be never afraid of Lucius. But Lucius was elegant, charismatic, wealthy, handsome. Many women were interested in him.

Severus went to the bathroom to wash himself before he went to sleep. The night was long and tiring. Voldemort wanted all of his closest people to discuss the changes to the Ministry. Right now only Heads of the Departments were changed, but Voldemort wanted to restructure the whole institution. He fortunately left the Department of Mysteries to Severus to explore the Dark Arts more. It was his dream come true. What was hard was convincing Voldemort that they should keep some ethical standards in their research for keeping a good image to the rest of the wizards.

After he cleaned himself he went to his room and fell asleep immediately. He was about to sleep for a whole day for sure.

When Lily properly got up a couple more hours later, she went to the kitchen first. She was hungry, because she skipped supper yesterday. She decided to prepare it herself and let Snape sleep late.

She went to her room and decided to read some crime novels she had. When he was still sleeping when she became hungry for some lunch she decided to go to his room and wake him up.

She pressed the handle, but the doors to his room were locked.

6. Door

Severus knew he had a fucked up relationship with his sexuality. It was maybe his father fault, as he was very religious and ingrained a lot of safe hatred into his young son. Tobias had special punishments for masturbation and expressing any needs or desires in that matter. He often laughed at Severus, when he saw him with Lily. He always told him, that there was one way he would be able to touch a woman and it was when he would rape her. He also told him on numerous occasions, that nice girls like Lily don't want dirty, sinful brats like him.

But it wasn't only his father's fault. Many people expressed great disgust over his body. And he often heard how he creeps around Evans like a pervert. He was aware that people think that, because he is unattractive. When Potter was trying to get Lily's attention, everything he did was cute and lovely, because he is attractive and wealthy. Snape knew it isn't fair, but on the other hand — he was not entitled to anything. He never felt he is entitled to any intimacy with Lily. And she was the only woman he desired.

He promised himself not to indulge in the fantasies he had with her for a couple of reasons. First, was that every time he did, he had massive guilt and shame as if he had done something bad to her. As if he abused her in some way. Second reason was that thinking about her in that way always lead to his dick getting hard, which was rather unfortunate, since his disgust over his body made him not able to touch himself without feeling sick and revolted. Third one was connecting those two: shame and guilt he associated with his desire for Lily and disgust for his body made him prone to self-harm.

However... Every couple of weeks he had those dreams that were helping him relieve his desires while he was barely conscious.

Right now he was half asleep on his used and old mattress, sweaty and out of breath. His body was aching for something. The body he despised more than people around him did, more than they can imagine. He felt helpless, as this body overpowered his ideals and alleged nobleness. Right now he was just a brute, like his father and like his father predicted he will be. His mind was full of images he will try and wipe from it, when he wakes up for good.

It was equal pleasure and pain. Equal desire and guilt.

This time the dream was not vague, but painfully realistic. His mind didn't have to find images of Lily deep in his memory. He had a ready scenario. It was early in the morning again. The Malfoys left. And Lily was laying in bed with her hair spread on the pillows. This time she didn't turn away in horror when he came closer to her. She actually smiled and pressed their lips together. She was warm and relaxed and radiated happiness.

He laid on her and started moving on her in an rhythmic and smooth manner, as if they were both on a rocking boat. Lily embraced his body with her arms and pressed her breasts on his chest, looking him in the eyes with trust and calmness. She touched her perfect little nose to his and gasped from pleasure. He focused all his attention on her and felt waves and waves of pure delight coming through him.

It was both metaphysical and corporeal. He could see it in her emerald, almond eyes that she wanted him to continue whatever he was doing. But she also encouraged him with little whispers and sighs. She was full of love.

The sun was coming up. The flowers were opening up. The mist settled on the grass and leaves embroidering them with pearl like drops of water.

And he was having an orgasm of his life.

Meanwhile Lily just decided to check on him. She pressed the doorknob and frowned a little bit surprised. That was a little bit weird to lock up his room. He probably didn't want anyone to interrupt his sleep.

She decided to go back to the kitchen and do the lunch herself.

"Lily?" she heard his deep, raspy voice. He was in his pajamas, his hair was a mess and he looked... human.

"Yes?" the girl turned and responded.

"Let me get changed," he said embarrassed. He noticed that his sleeve was up and it exposed a part of the scar he got after he used Sectumsempra against himself, so he pulled it down, but she managed to see it. So Narcissa was right.

Lily nodded, pretending she didn't notice and went to the kitchen to wait for him.

After some time he came to her dressed in his normal clothes. His hair was combed and kept in place. She liked him better in his pajamas.

"Want something to eat?" Snape asked her.

"Yeah. I ate breakfast, but it's almost time for lunch," she said.

"Then I will reheat some pasta, it will be the quickest thing to eat," he decided and after a couple of minutes they were ready to eat.

Lily plucked up some basil leaves and put them on their plates. Then she started to eat, but she was constantly fighting the urge to stare at Snape. She wanted to talk with him about all the things that Narcissa told her.

"I would prefer you looking at me with contempt than with pity," he muttered.

"Huh? What?" Lily said with her mouth full of pasta.

"Nothing," he said and looked down on his plate.

Lily frowned.

"Don't be so picky. I assure you that you would rather have my pity than my hate," she said, as his pride always irritated her. He had to be above everything.

The atmosphere got uncomfortable really quick. They finished their food in silence and Lily took their plates to the sink.

Snape stood up to go to his office.

“Severus, wait,” she told him and he paused, looking at her with cold expression in his face. The pleasure of hearing his name in her mouth again. The guilt for feeling that pleasure.

“What?” he asked.

Lily didn’t know why they cannot just... Talk. Why there was a barrier between them. Now she knew why he was like that. She knew that he suffered. That he didn’t want to hurt her. Why can’t they just work things out. And be normal.

“Do you really want to live together like that?” she asked and gave him an empathetic look.

It was unbearable to imagine more days with his coldness. With the wall between them.

Snape saw only mercy and pity in her eyes and grew more and more cold. There was no other way.

“Yes,” he said and left the kitchen.

Lily exhaled slowly, feeling anger so strong, she had to lean on the counter to stand still. She was offering him a chance to talk and maybe work some things out, but he rejected her. She will make sure that he will regret it.

She heard him walking back to his room and locking the door again.

Fucking stupid asshole bitch.

He was the one who kidnapped her. Who wanted her. He was not entitled to reject her.

Severus had so many thoughts running in his head. What did Narcissa tell Lily yesterday? Lily was changed. She was different. What even was that question she asked him? Did he want to live like that? Together? What was her alternative to the way they lived right now?

He was truly afraid. He found comfort in loneliness. He just wanted to... keep her safe. And love her from the distance. He wanted to care for her, do good things for her, feed her and take care of all of her needs. At the same time he was not ready to open up. If that was what she wanted from him.

Besides, everything was easier when they were both separated from each other emotionally. He had a role to fulfill. He had to keep her safe. What if he opens up and she will hurt him like she did previously? How he will be able to live with her? It wasn’t possible. They cannot even be friends anymore.

Severus opened the window and lit a cigarette. He was a hypocrite. He was selfish. He was able to fantasize about her, to desire her, to love her. He had the whole world for himself. He had work. She only had him. If she wanted to get close to him, she would risk more than he did. It was his hurt feelings and her life. That would be the price they would have to pay, if something goes wrong between them. Fuck his feelings. If he still had any. Her life was more precious than anything. It was number one priority. Whatever happens... Whatever she will do, he had to protect her.

He should let her in. He knew it. He needed someone. But he just couldn’t.

He lit another cigarette and breathed out more calmly. She changed towards him. Was it out of defeat or despair, he didn't know.

Severus knew he was in a bad mood because of how his morning went. The incongruity and clash between the things he desired and what he had was causing him pain. And Lily was not to blame for it. She was actually acting decent.

Out of pity. He knew he was pitiful. Yes, that was what hurt him. She could hate him and then love him, it was a common motive, haters to lovers, just like she did with James Potter. The moment she thinks of Severus as weak, pathetic victim, was the moment he was doomed. She will not love him out of pity.

He couldn't think of ways he could be interesting to her. He should ask Narcissa for help, as she knew a lot of things about women. She had a peculiar liking in them. He observed how fond she was of them. Always surrounding herself with beautiful girls, touching them and whispering things that made them blush. She knew a lot about female desires, she played with them for her own validation. She was in love with Lucius, it was deep and honest feeling. But she needed more, she needed her "girlfriends". And Lucius approved of it. He would rather have girls who were in love with his wife than other men.

Severus thought that her need for closeness with women was the effect of the fact that she felt abandoned by her older sisters, who she loved a lot. She tried to compensate the relationship she didn't have with them.

Anyways, she was a good person to talk to about it. Narcissa liked Lily. She told him that.

He lit the third cigarette. He closed his eyes and exhaled the smoke. His body shivered. The images from his dream. It was so perfect. But did he want this dream to ever come true? The reality was never like his fantasies. Reality was what destroyed them. His mind was a place where he had control of things. Would he like to kiss Lily? To lay in bed with her? To touch her? His heart froze and he opened his eyes.

What would he do when she would come inside his room and want him? It was impossible, but... Maybe out of curiosity, out of loneliness... He knew what he should to. For her and his good. He should reject her.

He knew he will not have the strength to do it. He remembered when they danced together. When he pressed her body to his, felt her warmth, the smell of her hair. He remembered the dress slipping from her shoulders, showing almost half of her breasts, he remembered the freckles on her back. He was a weak man. If she was willing to do anything with him, he will do it. Even if it's wrong, even when she will regret it and he will be hurt after it.

Of course, one condition was that she will not cross some lines. When he dreamed about her he was always clothed and she was always naked. And that's how he wanted it. He dreaded being naked in front of her. Clothes were like his armor — and at the same time his shell, where he felt good and comfortable. It shouldn't be a problem, he understood that maybe his gentleness and intelligence was somewhat attractive, but his body wasn't.

Severus deeply wanted her pleasure. He knew he could be very receptive towards her needs. It would be his fulfillment to make her satisfied. Oh, but if only she wanted that. She didn't trust him, she couldn't believe that he didn't want her for his own desires. She thinks

he is a selfish brute that only waits for her to give up and then he could take her like an animal.

He wanted to lit another cigarette, but changed his mind. The sun was coming down. It was time to feed the crows.

He opened the door and went to the kitchen. Lily heard that and followed him. She was reading for the whole evening and was not as mad at him for not talking with her. Also, she wanted to see how he feeds the crows.

Lily was lonely. After she had the whole day with Narcissa, she felt an aching emptiness inside her. She wanted to talk with someone about all the things that swirled in her head. She sat down and wrapped her body in a big shawl.

The crows came and Snape started feeding them. He noticed that Lily was looking at him. When he finished, he noticed that he felt tensed and stressed again.

“Why did you close the door to your room? What are you doing there?” Lily asked.

Severus was silent. He turned his face and Lily saw his profile. His big and long nose, his melancholic eyes and tensed eyebrows were so noble. The older he got the more his features grew more consistent with his personality. He was attractive in a rather weird and alternative way.

“You have your right to privacy. I understand you had a sleepless night. Just write me a note to not disturb you. I feel weird when you close your door,” Lily said. She was constantly thinking about the disease that was tainting his mind. His depression.

“What difference does it make for you? I was under the impression that you don’t enjoy my companion,” Snape said and turned towards her.

“I’m tired of wasting my days in this house alone,” she said, “I was hoping that you feel the same.”

Lily looked up to him. He was confused.

“Why did you change your attitude towards me?” he asked.

Severus didn’t understand the point of this discussion. If she wanted to talk about anything, she could. If she wanted to go for a walk or anything, he suggested that earlier and she rejected him.

“I don’t have much choice,” she said.

“That’s not true. I gave you choice,” Severus said.

The choice between himself or nobody, but it still was a choice. And she told him that even if he was the last person on the planet, she will not want anything to do with him.

Lily stared into his eyes for a moment trying to gather her thoughts.

“I feel guilty. For the fact that you are depressed,” she said.

Snape’s face was twisted in an ugly grimace expressing both anger and humiliation. Lily somehow reminded herself of his face when he called her the slur by the lake. It was the same

expression. She was afraid of him for a moment.

"Narcissa told you? I don't need your pity. I told you, I would rather have your hate," he said almost not able to control his despair.

"I don't feel pity. I feel guilt. And I know you feel it too. We can grow more and more bitter, our hearts rotting from the inside with regret. We can both treat this house like a prison. Closing the doors, talking about the weather, not looking into each other's eyes when we talk," Lily mumbled, not knowing what she was trying to say. His face was still full of pain and she was afraid.

"There is no other option," he said, calming down.

Lily pursed her lips.

"You want something from me, if you risked your reputation to ask Voldemort to spare me and you keep me close to yourself," she said.

"I wanted you alive. And I will keep you alive," he said.

Lily puffed. He was unreal. Why would he keep her alive? He wanted her to eventually love himself or what? Or was he trying to just make her depressed like he was?

"For what? I have to vegetate here for the rest of my life? It's unbearable. And also, stop lying to my face, there are other reasons" she hissed.

"I don't want to put you in an uncomfortable position," he said.

Did she really wanted him to declare his feelings for her right now? His love and desire for her only made everything worse. Their past made it worse.

"How is my position now comfortable? Severus, at least don't make me live a lie. I can live in a prison, but not in a falsehood," she said.

He hesitated. She deserved his honesty.

"Okay. Here, you can have the truth. You are important to me. I'm sorry I'm not able to give you the life that you want. I've done what I can," he said turning red.

Lily's face softened. It was not the material conditions she was referring to. She just wanted her basic needs fulfilled. And not only the basic needs like eating and sleeping. She needed some kind of human connection. Understanding. She was entitled to it, because he was the one who isolated her.

"Listen, we are stuck with each other then. We can torture each other or we can cooperate to live together somehow. I'm lonely. You are too. Why can't we just... talk?" she said.

"You are doing all of this because of Narcissa told you. Because you feel sorry for me," he said.

He was afraid of the things they were saying. He was afraid, because he felt he is actually opening up. She won.

"I'm doing this because I was wrong. I'm not wrong often, but this time, I was. I judged you unfairly. I misinterpreted your actions and misread your motivations. Severus, we were

best friends like what, four years ago? If we were able to trust each other then, we will be able to start again and have a meaningful relationship again. I want to help you,” she said.

The last sentence. The last sentence made him shut down again. He is not a victim. Not anymore. He doesn’t need her help.

“There is no point,” Severus said.

“I want to try,” Lily said.

It was sincere. He was her only chance at surviving this whole nightmare.

“I don’t want you to,” he said.

Lily stared at him. He was so stubborn.

“Then you are really choosing to be miserable and there is really no point in me trying to help you,” she said and stood up, then turned back to go to her room.

He stood there, feeling defeated. That was not how it should have gone. It was the same story, over and over again, his anger and bitterness taking over him, making him reject her help, making him alienated from her.

“Lily,” he said and took her hand to stop her. There was so much pain and desperation in his voice, she did turn back and sighed.

“Yes?” she said.

“I can’t. It’s not something I’m choosing. Who would have chosen something like that for themselves,” he said and his voice broke from pain.

Lily stared into his black eyes.

“Little steps,” she said and took her hand from his, then went into her room.

Leaving her door wide open.

7. Cake

Lily was rational. That was her thing. And the more she thought about it, she couldn't understand Snape — she thought they were similar, that he also uses common sense and he is not sentimental.

It was clear for her until the moment she opened her eyes here, in his house. She didn't have a mental capability or an idea, why the hell he did save her. Maybe it was hard for her to understand Snape, because they apparently had completely different pictures of love. Lily saw love as a romanticized sexual desire. She never liked the pretentious sheath that love had in the modern culture. She hated valentines, teddy bears and heart shaped chocolates.

When she opened her eyes here and she noticed Snape, she was sure he has spared her to forcefully fulfill his sexual desires. That was a rational motivation. But he didn't do it. He wants nothing from her. Moreover, he rather prefers them not being closer, as he rejected her offer to work some things out and talk about their past. According to Narcissa, he loves her. It wasn't love in Lily's eyes. Lily saw love as a mutual partnership, respecting each other, being close, helping each other, while desiring each other sexually. So like a good friendship with fucking. If there is no spark, there is no love.

What Snape felt for her was in Lily's eyes more like a disease.

He was obsessed with her, he idealized her in his mind, he was more in love with the idea of love than with her personally. This mismatching was making her embarrassed for him. For some reason Lily thought about the possibility of them being together. And the main obstacle for her was not his allegiance to Voldemort or his physical appearance or his depression or lack of attraction she felt, because that is something that might change.

What was more problematic was his stupid idea of love. It would make being together a nightmare. She would be embarrassed every time he would do or say something full of pathos or recite her poems. While he would be disappointed that his ideal picture of loving each other is worse than reality. His frustration with her would make him lose interest in her for sure.

Maybe it would actually be better for them both? To try and fail? But how would they be able to live with each other after that... Anyway, there was little hope for Snape in her eyes. Now he is powerful, he has money and influence. He won the war. Why he wouldn't pick someone else to fall in love with? Someone who would actually appreciate his efforts and would want him back.

He was still holding on to the past, which was traumatic for him. While he had a future ahead and it was bright and happy for sure. Besides, he changed, he can pick someone who didn't know him when he was rather scruffy, poor boy from Spinners End and didn't know about his bullying. Who would see him as an elegant, calm and gentle man.

He didn't want her pity, but how can she not feel it for him? She knew how terrible his life was. She felt empathy for him. She knew it is too late for it and she should have been more

considerate for himself when she was younger, but she had her own problems — she had one quarter of the school thinking of her as the Mudblood. She had to constantly prove her value. And when even Severus told her that she isn't worth it to be a part of the wizarding world because of her descent... It hurt.

And she was also rather pitiful. He had to rescue her twice, show her kindness after she crushed his life. She was on his mercy. Without any rights as a witch. Living a comfortable life, while others on her side were tortured and killed. That was truly pathetic, not his former poverty or his depression.

Lily started seeing some irrationality in herself. Why was she more drawn to him the more he built walls between them. Knowing he doesn't want to have sex with her made her think about what sex with him would be like.

She observed him when they ate their dinner the next day. He was at work for a whole day and they were both hungry. They ate mashed potatoes and a roast he prepared yesterday and reheated. Lily read the book while eating, because she was finishing it and she couldn't tear herself away from it, and at the same time she wanted to eat so bad.

She closed the book after the last page and wiped her face with her hand from the gravy. She looked at Snape, who was contemplating something intensively. He was sitting straight, using fork and knife exactly like a snob, cutting himself little parts of the meat and chewing it slowly and precisely.

Lily stared at him stunned with her mouth open. There was something sensual in his restrictive and disciplined way of eating. She knew he was hungry, because his stomach growled when they both felt the smell of the food. And she knew he wasn't trying hard to have table manners, he was doing this effortlessly and mechanically. His fingers moved so gracefully, his tongue touching his lips almost unnoticeably. She knew Death Eaters were snobbish, as they were raised in respectable, conservative and old families, so it was logical for Snape to adapt and behave like them. But it was strange that he got so used to it, it became a habit for him.

Severus finished eating, wiped his mouth with a napkin and looked at her startled. Lily's expression was weird. She woke up from her thoughts and said the first thing that came to her mind.

"How was work?" she asked him.

"Tiring. I'm glad I'm home," he said.

Lily nodded.

"Want to hang out?" she suggested.

Severus raised his eyebrows. Probably not, whatever she meant by hanging out. He was tired from the work.

"I don't know. I'm exhausted," he said.

If being distant was his genius fucking tactic to make her interested in himself, it worked damn well. Although it was frustrating.

“We can hang out in your room,” she said, “you can lie in your bed and I can sit... somewhere,” she said, but she knew there was no place to sit there.

He was battling with himself. He wanted to say no. It seemed rather stupid to sit in his room together doing nothing. It will be awkward for sure. Suddenly he remembered how they hung out like that when they were kids. Sitting in Lily’s room, Hogwarts’ halls or by the lake and talking about anything that came to their minds. It was nice. But they were not kids anymore. And he knew, what she was trying to do. Lily wanted him to open up to her. He cringed at the thought of talking sincerely with her about his problems and feelings.

However, when he looked in her eyes, so lonely and kind, he couldn’t say no. He felt guilty for even considering rejecting her offer.

“I will bring you my armchair and we can hang out,” he said and stood up.

“I don’t want to cause a problem,” she said and also stood up.

He looked away and tensed.

“That’s not a problem, I just had a hard day,” he muttered and went to his office to grab the chair for her.

Lily felt weird. She knew she was pushing him. She was maybe nagging. She should let go. But on the other hand, no. There was only one way they are going to live a normal life together, and it was when they will start and communicate. She knew it was his depression that made him sabotage relationships with other people.

She took her comforter and went to his room. It was small and really humble. The chair made it even smaller. She wrapped herself and sat down. Snape was also sitting down on his bed. It was uncomfortable to lie in bed and relax while she was looking at him.

“So, why are you tired? What happened?” she asked and smiled, hoping he will feel secure enough to talk.

He pursed his lips. He dreamed his whole life that one day he will be living with her and she will ask him about his day after the dinner. Why was he so bitter now. Her questions only irritated him. Her kindness irritated him.

“Many things. I had to argue with people. I hate the stupidity of all those nepotism babies from the Ministry who see the Department of Mysteries as some haunted archive and not the research site,” he said and clenched his fists instinctively.

Lily nodded, understanding what he meant. Work in the Ministry was quite a lucrative position. It was occupied by the elite. It was corrupted to the bone. She wanted to work there when she was at school, but her dream was unrealistic. If Snape wouldn’t be with Voldemort, he probably would never work there too.

“It’s going to get better, I promise. It’s always hard at the beginning,” she comforted him.

Severus looked at her suspiciously. He rarely received the support. He didn’t know how to react to that, so he just frowned.

Lily looked at him with care. At moments like that, he was again a little boy, who never talked about his family or his bullying. Only right now he was taller than her and was wearing

black elegant and heavy looking buttoned down jacket that hugged his body close like a corset, his long legs were in a well sewn trousers that were probably made for him and he still had his shiny leather boots on. His clothes didn't look comfortable, although they were making him appear more serious and mature.

She thought about all the layers of clothes he had on and how many times he had to spend putting it on and off. She remembered the clothes he had on when they first saw each other. She didn't mind them, but Petunia laughed at him later that he looked like a hobo in the trousers that were too short and in the chemise that belonged to his mother. Lily squinted at this memory, as it was really classist and unkind to make fun of the poor kid. But she also remembered that she made fun of his underwear after he called her Mudblood. She regretted it a lot. She should have said something about his brain being melted by Voldemort or just critique his behavior and not his used clothes. Lily understood why he was dressed like that and she understood why he was such a pedant now.

Although he still looked like some nineteenth century asshole from some old painting and it was bizarre. Especially in contrast with his room. He had money, so why was he sleeping on an old mattress, with duvet covers so washed out and old, they barely had visible patterns. She would also be depressed living in a space like this.

"Why won't you buy yourself some blankets or new duvet covers and make your bedroom more cozy?" she asked.

Severus shrugged his shoulders.

"No point. I'm comfortable. Sorry it's too ugly for you," he said.

"It's not ugly, it just reminds me more of a prison cell than a room. Maybe your mental state would improve, if you made some changes," she wondered.

He sighed. It was naïve to think that some stupid pillows and a new bed will make anything better. Lily was naïve.

"What precisely is my mental state?" he asked.

Lily thought for a moment.

"Pain," she answered.

They looked each other in the eyes. Lily got up and sat next to him on his bed.

"Do you want to hug me?" she asked with tender voice.

He looked at her to see if she is joking.

"No," he answered and stood up.

Severus came to the window, standing backwards towards her. The uncomfortable silence made everything worse.

"Let's not talk about me anymore," he said, looking at the trees.

Why when he was alone he desired her presence with all his body and mind, but when she was with him he was tensed and stressed. Even when she was nice to him. He felt worse the

nicer she was to him. He would rather have the usual annoyed, disgusted Lily, who rolled her eyes at him, than Lily that wants to help him and offers to hug him out of pity.

He had a sudden revelation. He felt that he didn't deserve this treatment from her. He didn't deserve any kindness at all. It was easier to bear it from Narcissa, but it was agony to have Lily be good to him, when he knew he is a repulsive fucking scum and a creep and he doesn't deserve it.

It was unbearable because he loved her.

Lily was sitting on his bed, pressing her thighs together and feeling pleasant pressure between them. He was so unobtainable and distant. And good to her. She knew she is just lonely, she is afraid, she is traumatized from the months and months of war, that she wants some comfort and intimacy and tenderness, she wants the war to end, the war between them. She wanted to kiss him and touch him and relieve his pain for a moment.

She got up and run her fingers on his back with care and Severus felt tears coming down his face, hoping she will not notice it.

"It's going to get better," she said, took her comforter and left his room.

Lily heard the doors locking and sighed. She knew nothing about depression or anything related to mental health. She wasn't sure if she did okay... She was just lonely and wanted to talk to someone.

She knew he will trust her after some time. But right now she wanted to take a bath and start reading another novel.

Next morning she woke up quite early. She put on a cardigan and went to the kitchen. Severus was at work already. On the table she saw some cucumbers, cheese and fresh buns that he bought her for the breakfast. Next to it she saw a rectangular, pink paper box. She opened it and saw a big piece of chocolate cake inside. She didn't have a cake in ages.

Lily made herself coffee and ate it first. It was delicious. She tried to make sense of this surprise she received. She wasn't sure if this is a "thank you" or "I'm sorry" gift. All she knew was that Snape didn't hate their yesterday's talk. She knew it was unpleasant for him to talk about his feelings and his problems, as he avoided it for the whole time they were friends. But they had to talk — otherwise, he will be depressed forever.

At the same time, she was more and more afraid of the things she felt yesterday. She knew she is just going mad from all of this sitting in this house alone, but it wasn't only that. Lily also needed someone badly. She trusted Severus. The more she thought about him, the more consistent he seemed with his motivations. She knew that he will not hurt her.

He was very good for her, also. Even when she was afraid and traumatized at the beginning. She looked outside of the window. The day was beautiful. Lily got the weird feeling that today was the last nice day of the fall. She grabbed her book and went on the little terrace outside the house and sat on the rocking chair that Snape set up there.

It was quite warm, but she made herself a pot of tea just in case. She had more time to think. What drew herself to Severus? She wasn't sure. Was she interested in him out of convenience? Did she finally gave up the idea that one day she will be free from him? What would she do, if she would be freed? Lily frowned, surprised with her answer. She wouldn't

want to leave him. She felt guilty for his depression. She knew that Narcissa told her that his suicide attempt wasn't her fault only to make her feel better, but she knew that it was her fault. She abandoned him. She made him ultimately choose Voldemort and lead a life of a Death Eater.

She also didn't believe that the damage was already done. Severus has his whole life ahead of himself. She didn't want him to waste it in pain and despair. Maybe after he heals... he will understand that he is on the wrong side of the conflict.

She wanted just one thing from Severus. She wanted him to admit, that Voldemort's establishment is wrong. That he was fighting on the wrong side. Lily sighed and noticed she is sad. She was so afraid that he is going to choose Voldemort over her. She didn't even want him to publicly reject the ideals of the Death Eaters, she just wanted him to feel at the bottom of his heart, that he was wrong.

She couldn't be with someone who seriously and deeply thinks that Muggleborns shouldn't be a part of the Wizarding world. That she shouldn't be allowed to attend Hogwarts... Or do magic. She wasn't ready to have this conversation with him yet, but she knew one day she will have to ask about his belief and she dreaded that moment.

He might love her, he might make an exception for her, but he still might hold the same opinions as his buddies. Lily was terrified by this possibility, but she had to also consider this option.

She opened her book and started reading. After she read like one third of it, she heard steps.

"Hello," Severus said to her and she noticed he is tensed and distressed.

"Hello. You came home early," Lily said and smiled to him.

"Yes," he looked away and sighed.

"What happened?" she noticed something was not right.

"Nothing. It's just... Well, we have to go to the Malfoys again," he said and looked at her with apologizing expression on his face.

"Oh, that's nice, I was hoping to see Narcissa soon," she smiled.

"No, it's another party. We are invited," Severus pursed his lips. He remembered how the last time they were together at Malfoys went.

Lily tried to hide the fact that she was afraid. She looked down and bit her lips. She dreaded going when Voldemort will also be there.

"Okay, no problem," she lied and stood up to go inside the house.

"I know you don't want to go," he said and followed her.

Lily turned back and looked at him.

"What does it change," she said.

"I want to help you," he said.

“How?” she asked not sure.

“I’m asking you. What can I do to make it easier to bear for you?” he said and got close to her, “I’m serious. I can do what you want.”

She looked up to his eyes.

“I fear him. And I fear people there. Their gazes remind me I’m nothing more than a Mudblood,” she said and her voice almost broke down.

Snape frowned. He couldn’t stand seeing her in pain.

“That is not true, you don’t think that, do you?” he asked.

“Am I something more right now?” she asked and leaned on the wall of his house, “I’m a Mudblood and a doll of a Death Eater.”

“I can think of something and maybe we will be able to skip this party,” he said to end this conversation. He couldn’t bear hearing her speak so low about herself.

“No, there will be problems, I don’t want to cause problems. I just wanted to get this off my chest,” she sighed and looked down.

Snape pursed his lips. It wasn’t really that easy to just not go to those parties. Voldemort will become suspicious.

“You know you are not those things. Look at me,” he ordered her gently and took her arms into his hands.

Lily exhaled and looked into his dark irises. Then at his lips. And into his eyes.

8. Quidditch

Lily put on the most modest and simple dark green dress she could find in Narcissa's clothes. She just brushed her hair and was ready. Severus told her that they will probably spend the night in the mansion, as the party was meant to be long and on the next day they planned some activities to integrate the new elite. The Death Eaters were drunk on their victory. Lily was terrified that she will have to participate in all of this. She packed some clothes to change and some toiletries and decided to wait for Severus in the kitchen.

He went out of his room looking tired and sorry. They will be the most pathetic and forgettable pair on this party for sure. Lily hoped that nobody would pay any attention to them. Severus was hoping for the same. However, he knew people will notice them. Lily looked like a goddess in a long, silky fitted dress. And he looked like a failed Batman with a hint of Dracula cosplayer.

Lily avoided his gaze. She knew he was looking at her amused. He was never good in hiding his thirst for her. She put on some old, black fur coat that was hanging next to the door and went outside to teleport with him.

They came inside, feeling the memories from the last banquet that was held here. Lily was already tired when she thought about the whole night in the mansion, mingling with Death Eaters, being stuck to Severus' arm like his victory wife. But she didn't have much choice.

The Malfoy's mansion was stunning as always. Lily was not used to seeing so much wealth. She wondered how was it to wake up every day and live like a duchess in this beautiful home.

Severus shook hands with some of the Death Eaters and he introduced her, although she knew some of them from the school. For example Evan Rosier. Or Mulciber. Or Walden Macnair. It was hard to smile politely to the people who normally would spit in her direction. She was constantly on the verge of passing out. The hall was so humid and full of people. She noticed the people parted and she saw Voldemort approaching with Lucius on his side. She felt Severus' hand on her waist clenching with anxiety, as if his Master was going to take her from him at some moment.

Lily didn't listen to Voldemort's little talk about how they are going to transform the Ministry for the better and how they will bring order to the Wizarding world. She tried to just focus on the fact that she was so close to Severus. She had this poignant feeling of vulnerability towards him. She had the urge to hide in his black coat like a little girl to block everyone from seeing her.

She leaned on him and pressed her cheek to his chest trying to calm herself down. He understood her and caressed her arm lightly to make her feel better. Lily felt so much pleasure from their little intimacy. She locked her eyes with Narcissa. The woman was looking at her with a little smile. Lily blushed. She remembered Narcissa's words about not hurting Severus. She was happy he had someone who was looking after him. Lily heard the music coming

from the other room and people moved there. Severus led her gently pressing his hand on her exposed back. She got goosebumps from the touch of his warm fingers.

They stood for some time next to some old painting of one of the Malfoy's grandma or someone. Lily didn't want to draw any attention to them. She felt like she was at Slug club again, only this time she and Severus were on good terms. She remembered how awkward and uncomfortable it was to meet him, seeing how he thrives with his Death Eater friends, while she was stuck with Marauders. Lily knew that his good condition was a façade and under it he was depressed and suicidal. But he was a good actor, ignoring her, pretending to be happy and proud of his alignment to Voldemort.

She wondered how it would go if she talked with him. She had plenty of occasions. They were stumbling at each other at school constantly, in the library, in the Slug Club, in the Prefect Bathroom. And she just looked at him with disgust, squinting her face ugly. It must have hurt a lot, if he really loved her through all those years.

She noticed Severus was staring at her.

"I don't like dancing," she said to him, looking at the pairs of people in the room.

He looked at her disappointed, but determined.

"What would you want from me in exchange for a dance?" he asked her.

Lily opened her mouth to say nothing, but she hesitated. He rarely asked for things and she remembered how happy he was when they danced the last time.

"More cake," she said and smiled.

He didn't smile back, but his eyes were not sad for a brief moment. Lily exhaled, trying to calm herself down and relax. She had no idea when or how Severus learned how to dance. Maybe he just had a natural talent for it. He always moved gracefully.

"Why do you like dancing so much?" she asked him eventually.

He didn't respond for a moment.

"I don't like it. I like dancing with you," he said hoping she will not feel weird after this confession.

"Why?" Lily asked.

"I get to be close to you without it being creepy," he said.

"When I wanted to be close to you yesterday you rejected me," she said in an accusatory tone.

"You didn't want to be close to me, you are trying to heal my depression with affection. Which is rather annoying," he said.

"Why?"

"Because. It's not how it works," he said.

Lily sighed frustrated.

“Then tell me how it works?” she asked.

He didn’t answer at first, he just swayed her gently appreciating the moment.

“Differently,” he said.

“You are irritating,” she said and frowned.

“You are immature,” he said back.

Lily burst out a little laugh. Severus was so proud of himself that he managed to make her relaxed and happy in a room full of Death Eaters.

The music stopped and Lily nodded to him like they did in movies.

He took her hand and led her to a couch that was placed by the windows, as he saw that she is a little bit tired.

Lily sat down and sank in the leather and pillows. She wanted to take a nap.

“You told me we have to sleep here? Do you know what room is ours? I’m so tired and sleepy I’m going to pass out on this couch,” she told him.

“Um. There will be a sit down dinner after the dances, are you sure you aren’t hungry?” he asked her.

Lily pursed her lips. Sitting for hours with all of those people, eating with them, having to listen to their talks. She couldn’t bear it.

“Please, take me out of here,” she said and begged with her eyes.

Severus nodded, she didn’t have to ask him again. They stood up and went out of the big room. Lily noticed they are walking the same hall they walked, when they were here the last time. They went up the staircase and Severus led Lily to a big, spacious room that looked like the ones from the Versailles. The bed was beautifully ornamented and luxurious.

“It’s a really nice room,” she commented and touched the dark wooden frame of the bed.

“I’m happy you like it. Narcissa prepared towels, robes and a night dress for you,” he said.

“I’m thankful. It isn’t a problem that I’m going to sleep early? You will not have any troubles for it?” she asked.

“No, Lily. There will not be any troubles. Try to rest. Tomorrow we have some activities planned,” he said.

“You too. I don’t want you to be back here late. Um... Because we sleep here together, aren’t we?” she noticed the room was prepared for two people.

Severus got tensed and felt his cheeks turning red.

“I didn’t ask for separate beds, I’m sorry. It was not intentional. I will sleep on the couch,” he said.

“Oh, don’t be silly. I would rather sleep there, you are too big for it. The bed is huge, we will not notice each other,” she said and sit on the big and comfortable mattress.

"I will notice, Lily. You don't have to do it," he said embarrassed.

"I trust you, it's nothing," she said and smiled.

"For me it's something," he said.

Lily looked at him not breaking the eye contact for a moment. She knew it meant a lot for him. And the more he was against it, the more she wanted it.

"I still trust you. We both have to rest and this is the most important thing now," she said. Lily was stubborn. There was no point in discussing this any further.

"Right," he said looking away. Sleeping in this beautiful room with her after their dance was a dream come true.

"Can you stay with me for a while?" she asked and laid on the bed in her dress.

Severus nodded and sat down on the other side of the bed.

"I feel guilty for surviving war. And for being at this party," she said and sighed.

"Why do you feel that?" he said confused.

"Because I enjoy it," she said and looked at him with sadness in her eyes.

"Why is it bad? You had no choice," Severus said.

"I had plenty of choice. I chose to obey you and Voldemort instead of fight. The choice was between living a comfortable life and reap the benefits of the fact that you have feelings for me or reject you and him and die like a hero," she said.

"That would be a stupid death. It wouldn't change anything," he said and frowned.

"It would. I would die a honorable death," she said.

"Pointless death. You talk as if you already lost all the hope in you," he said.

"What would my people think of me, if they win? That I was a weak woman who benefited greatly from the war, going to Death Eaters parties, living on the money from Voldemort. While my friends were tortured or killed or exiled," Lily said.

"Why does it matter? You can tell them I was a monster who used Imperius on you and made you do all those things. They will believe it for sure," Severus snapped irritated.

"I couldn't lie that good. I would tell them you were so kind to me and it melted my conscience to the point I couldn't differentiate from good and bad," she said, as she didn't want to make him mad.

"You just wanted to live, that's all. That's human instinct. To survive. And you did what you had to survive," he concluded.

"And you? Are you enjoying your victory?" she asked.

"No, I don't enjoy anything, Lily," he said and frowned.

She bit her lips a little.

“You like your job at the Ministry. You are important and respected. And you have me all for yourself. You cannot tell me you don’t feel pleasure from it,” she said.

“Every pleasure I have ever felt in my life was a sign of my future downfall and a source of my future pain,” he said and gritted his teeth.

“But it’s worth it. You cannot live a stoic life without emotions and feelings and call it a good and full life. You attach yourself to things, you love them, you lose them, you are in pain. The cycle goes on, that’s how the world works” she said.

“I love things that aren’t even mine. I feel pain out of lacking things I never had. The temporary illusion that I can fulfill my desires opens up a wound in me that I cannot heal anymore and a wound that will be an aching emptiness inside me for an eternity. The kindness you showed me when we were kids is what doomed me. I could be miserable in solitude and evil like my father raised me to be, but from the moment I started loving you I tried to be better, to save my soul, because you wouldn’t want a man with a broken soul,” he said and his voice broke. He looked as if he was about to break down. Suddenly his face changed and was cold and lifeless again “it doesn’t matter. I don’t know why I’m telling you that,” he said, stood up and squinted so bad, Lily was afraid of him for a second.

She tried to get up from her bed, talk to him or stop him, but he was faster than her. He just left the room, smashing the door, mad at himself for talking with Lily about his pain and making himself look like a pathetic and worthless piece of shit in her eyes.

Lily jumped on the bed when the door hit the frame. She exhaled, resting her head on the pillows. Why was he like that. It was so frustrating. Simple talks about feelings were always so agonizing for him.

She took off her dress and entered the bathroom. It was beautiful and opulent, with big bathtub and golden tiles. It almost looked ridiculous. She felt like a princess in there. She washed her hair and sprayed expensive perfume from the toiletries set that Narcissa gave her. Lily came back to the room in her night dress and a soft and warm robe. She wondered if Narcissa will be mad if she would take them with her, but probably she won’t notice.

Lily slipped under the covers, laid down and closed her eyes. She heard voices of people in the dining room. The diner started. She was happy she didn’t have to attend. Her thoughts lingered around the things that Severus told her. Every pleasure he had was repaid with pain.

She felt the tension between them. He wanted her but at the same time was afraid. She will hurt him for sure. Even if she didn’t want to, she will. He was too fragile and delicate. He will be in pain because of her. Lily closed her eyes and turned to lie on her stomach. She imagined she is hugging someone to stop her loneliness.

She wasn’t sleepy no more. She couldn’t stop thinking about Severus. She analyzed their relationship from the beginning to an end. It was true what he said. If he didn’t love her, he wouldn’t suffer so much and he wouldn’t attempt to kill himself. Now he was on top of the world: Voldemort liked him, he believed in him so much that he gave him an entire Department, he had the power and money to do anything he ever wanted, but the problem is — Severus lacked the sole ability to feel any desire at all.

Lily knew that he was abused throughout his entire childhood. The abuse from his home and from James and Sirius was shaping his brain when he was growing up so much, it made

himself into a shell of a human. He should have been taken care of when he was at Hogwarts, but the school didn't care much about mental health of the students. And he never asked for help. She thought about how many people failed him. He was almost given to Voldemort like a treat on a silver tray.

The door to the room opened and she saw Severus through her half open eyes. She was buried in covers and pillows, so it wasn't possible that he will notice that she isn't sleeping. He sat down on the bed and started changing into sleeping clothes. Lily saw how he unbuttoned his jacket, then his chemise and at the end he took off his long-sleeved undershirt and then a tank top. She stared at his back until he put on the shirt.

He laid down. The lights were off and Lily tried to breath steadily so he would not know that she is watching him. She had an urge to play with his hair. It was so fluffy and long and beautiful.

"I know you are not sleeping," he said in a deep voice.

Lily didn't answer, she just came closer to him, so she can touch him. She started stroking the strands of hair that were on his forehead. She pulled them back to expose his face. Then she run her fingers through them, playing with his soft curls. She noticed he was tensed and uncomfortable, so she stopped.

She smelled her hand that touched his hair out of curiosity and felt a delicate scent of his scalp mixed with some herbs that he probably uses to condition them. Lily slept like a newborn that night. Severus barely closed his eyes.

Next morning they ate breakfast in their room in silence. Lily noticed Severus was tired. He had big bags under his eyes and every wrinkle on his forehead and his mouth was deeper. He was fully clothed, when she woke up. She was sure he didn't sleep. She felt guilty. She should have slept on the couch.

"There will be a Quidditch match outside," he said after they finished eating.

"Great, who is playing?" she asked.

"Me," he answered.

Lily's eyes grew bigger.

"What? How?" she asked.

He pursed his lips. He knew he wasn't a great player like Potter, he was only a reserve defense player for Slytherins.

"Somehow. It's not some big championship, just friends playing together," he sighed irritated.

"Oh... I understand. I will go and cheer for you then," she said and smiled.

"Thanks," he muttered and wiped his face with a napkin.

Severus changed into some Quidditch attire and they went outside. Lily wore some equestrian style old money trousers and a jacket that Narcissa sent her. They were both trying not to stare at each other.

When they came, everyone was already there. Lily noticed tables with food and pastry and fruits and elegant garden chairs with blankets to sit on. She was frightened when she noticed that she will have to sit there without Severus by her side.

“Good luck,” she told him and touched his arm.

He nodded in response and went to Malfoy’s team.

Lily looked up. The sky was gray. The air was cold and wet. She sat down on some chair and tried not to draw any attention to herself. But right after Snape left her, Mulciber showed up from nowhere and sat right next to her.

“Is this seat free? I brought you tea and some cake,” he said and placed it on the table between them.

Lily was so terrified she forgot how to speak for a moment.

“Thanks... Thank you,” she said.

“Don’t be so scared, Evans. We are Death Eaters, not Muggleborn Eaters,” he said and laughed at his own joke, while Lily sent him disgusted look.

“Why aren’t you playing? Nobody wanted you in their team?” she asked faster than she thought if this was a good idea to provoke him.

“Oh, Evans, someone has to keep the ladies entertained,” he said and licked his lips. Mulciber wasn’t ugly or unattractive, but he was so fucking repulsive because of his vulgar behavior, Lily felt sick.

“Then go entertain the ladies,” she said.

“I wanted to apologize on the behalf of the Death Eaters,” he said with a straight face.

Lily frowned and gritted her teeth, biting her tongue to keep herself from saying what she was thinking.

“I, personally, have nothing against people like you. Voldemort also doesn’t hate your kind,” he continued, “that’s why I want to apologize for punishing you by making you Severus’ girl.”

“Just fucking stop—”

“I really think this is inhumane, that our Dark Lord agreed to give you to him. If I were you, I would rather be dead than spend my life with this monstrosity of a man,” he said.

“Why are you saying that?” she asked, feeling her cheeks burning.

“Don’t get me wrong, I love Severus like a brother. It’s just... I know he is a weirdo. And he is not much handsome. It’s a pity that a pretty girl like you is going to be wasted for him,” he sent her a disgusting smile.

Lily felt like her heart is about to stop.

“Well, all I’m saying is, if you want to exchange your little loser for a real man, then I’m open for keeping you as my guest. Voldemort said that he doesn’t care which one of us is

going to keep an eye on you, so you know. This could be your last night pretending you care about him,” he said.

“I care about him. Also, fuck off,” she spat, wanting to punch him in the face.

“But you couldn’t kiss him, right? And you know one day he will gather up the courage and he will want your pretty little mouth to do other things than curse at him like you do on me,” Mulciber laughed.

“I can kiss him. I can do it with pleasure. I would rather suck his dick than even look in your direction once again in my life,” Lily snapped at him.

Mulciber laughed and shook his head.

“Okay, we have a bet. You have to kiss him right now and I will not tell him that it was you, who told James Potter that his father was a drunk who beat him,” Mulciber said and looked at her with triumph.

Lily’s heart dropped and her red face turned white in a moment.

“He already knows it was me, who else could have told James that,” she said.

“He doesn’t. He thinks James knew from Dumbledore, Narcissa lied to him, because she was afraid he was going to slash his wrists again,” Mulciber said.

Lily pursed her lips and looked at him with pure hate.

“You are a psychopath,” she muttered and stood up.

“Go to your lover boy and start the show. Or you know what happens next,” he smiled.

Lily turned back and noticed Severus is looking at them and he is going in her direction. She also started walking towards him. She got closer and closer.

He was so proud of himself. His team won.

Lily took another step and looked into his eyes. In the daylight from this close they weren’t black. They were deep, dark brown. There were beautiful.

“Lily, what are you—”

He didn’t finish, because his mouth was pressed against Lily’s warm and eager lips. And she kissed him hard, knowing damn well that everyone is looking at them.

9. Letters

Dear Lily,

I will be at work till late at night. I have to get some things off my chest and I can't talk about it face to face. I'm a coward — I'm not a Gryffindor for sure. But I hope after reading my letter, you will understand why I it's so hard for me to talk about it.

I want to also apologize for the way I acted yesterday. Your kiss surprised me, I didn't know what to do or how to respond. That's why I was so distant and maybe cold. I just didn't know what to do. I needed some time alone to process what you did and what are the implications of you kissing me.

Now, after another almost sleepless night, I can tell you what this kiss meant for me. I told you yesterday that every pleasure brings me pain eventually. At the moment I'm writing this letter, I am in agony. By kissing me, you showed me what kissing is. And now I'm in a state of starvation every second my lips aren't touching yours. I dread the possibility, that maybe I disappointed you and you will not want to kiss me again. Then I will have to reap my lips out of my body, as I have no use in them other than bringing me pain and aching in memory of that moment.

Lily, I am frightened by the fact that I will have to go home to you and feel my hunger for you even more severely. I am not sure what were your intentions behind kissing me and that's what makes me write this pathetic letter to you. You did it being fully aware of my feelings and what that kiss might mean for me.

Please, respond to me, if you can. I beg you. Attach your letter to the crow that brought you mine, they are trained like owls.

I'm sorry for writing and not saying this to you.

From the bottom of my heart.

Severus

P.S.

I bought you food and fresh pastry, the diner is in the fridge. Just heat it in the microwave. I'm sorry for writing it at the end, I almost forgot about it.

Dear Severus,

I am grateful for the letter. I was so afraid, that I offended you. I was afraid, that you didn't want my kiss. And I was greatly afraid that I caused you pain. You looked as if you were in a great pain after I did it. I understand from where this pain came from now — but I am still frightened, that you will suffer because of my recklessness.

My intentions behind that kiss are simple. I feel attraction towards you. I think it is caused by the fondness that I have from feelings of coming back to my childhood. You were the most important person for me through all those years. You guided me into the world of magic. I know our circumstances were unfortunate. I write our — because although my situation was better, I was still under the constant fear of being excluded from the Wizarding society, because there is no pure blood in my veins.

We were pitied against each other by our Houses and people around us, while being on the bottom of the social hierarchy. Now I understand it more clearly. My rejection threw you right into the hands of the evil — because I do believe you are on the wrong side of the war. I know now there is no turning back from it, you sold your soul. But I wished greatly there was a way for you to change. I want us to reunite. I believe the walls between us can crash. And we can live together finding happiness from our friendship and maybe something more.

Your kindness towards me surprised me greatly. You could have hurt me, charm me and use violence to make me submit, but you didn't. I thought you didn't want me — but you do. I am amazed by your discipline and concern of my well-being. That's why I trust you. I know you are not going to harm me.

Severus, your kindness and gentleness made me change my mind about you, and those two qualities are what draws me to you. Just be kind and gentle and I will want to kiss you again.

Thank you for your letter.

I am lonely and I hope you will write to me again.

Lily

My Dearest Lily,

from what I understand, you kissed me because you wanted to bring back your childhood and you are fond of my kindness. I don't know if I would kiss someone out of those reasons. Kiss is something erotic, romantic and it means a lot. At least for me a kiss is a declaration of feelings of love and desire. Is there any love or desire for me inside you? I'm sorry for asking such a straightforward question, but I want to have a clear understanding of our feelings and our relationship.

I understand that you might feel something for me out of your loneliness and you might feel that you should show me your gratitude by giving me what I want, but the truth is — I don't want affection caused by anything other than love. I know I shouldn't be picky. I am just begging you to be aware of how much you mean to me.

I also noticed that you feel guilty for the fact that I am depressed. I don't blame you. And I don't want you to touch me or do anything in hope that it will heal me. It doesn't work that way. I think our closeness might actually worsen my state more than help me. Maybe in the long run having someone as my partner would help, but I cannot expect you to be with me forever. As I told you, every time you touch me, you show me another way to feel the hunger so great, that it sucks my soul from the inside.

Please, think about this situation that way — if you wouldn't be my prisoner, if your life didn't depend on me, would you still want to be with me and kiss me? Imagine you can walk

from me anytime and live a life as a free witch, imagine Voldemort being killed and Dumbledore being in charge of everything. Would you still choose to kiss me? Or would you want to be with someone else and forget about me? I beg you, consider it seriously.

I can promise you, that if you wouldn't want me, if you weren't my prisoner and you could have other man by your side, I will never mention my love to you again. I will live by your side as your brother until you could be free, I will still care for you and fulfill every want and need that you have.

But if you truly want me, if you see me as someone special, if you would choose me even if you could have anyone else in the world, then I am the luckiest man on the planet.

I am asking you again: is there any love or desire inside your heart?

Yours.

S

My Dear Sev,

I had to think about what you wrote to me for a good half an hour. The points you make are important for sure. The short answer for your question is yes. I would choose you. Yes, I feel desire for you. I am a grown woman, I have sexual needs and you are attractive to me. I have to admit, that it's not only your gentleness that makes me want you.

It's your darkness, your discipline, your melancholy and your yearning for me. You feel everything deeper. You excite me. I feel like a woman every time you touch me. I feel like a woman every time you look at me.

When I was a teenager, I didn't know what I want. I read the magazines for young girls, I read books and I wanted a prince on a white horse. However, princes are boring after some time.

You are the opposite. You are everything a real woman wants, not what a girl wants. You don't have this macho stupid attitude, instead you have your deep calmness and warmth, that makes me feel like a child comforted by their mother every time you show me affection.

I had experiences with other men. I know how other man are. I think I don't know anyone other than you, that wouldn't try and manipulate a woman into sexual acts because of her unfortunate state. I am constantly thinking about the fact that you could just have me. You could use me until your needs would be satisfied. And yet you didn't. You never did anything to make me yours. And even now, when I'm offering myself to you, you try and check if I truly want this, or am I manipulated by you.

Love. I was thinking about it for the longest time. I don't think we understand love the same way, Sev. I think love is a type of conscious relationship between two people and you see it as a feeling. I will love you when we will try and build our partnership more. I can see myself being in love with you, I really do. But it's too early for that. And I really think that we should work seriously on your mental health before we will talk about love. You have so many auto destructive mechanisms in you. You should try to love yourself first.

I hope I answered your question.

L

Dear Lily,

I am flattered. I don't know what to write in response to all of that. It is really hard to believe, that you desire me. I don't think there is much desirable things in myself. I know how repulsive my body and face are. But I'm happy that you overlooked my physical defects.

It breaks my heart that you see the fact that I didn't rape you as special and heroic. There is nothing that I fear more than causing you harm by doing something that you don't truly want. I could never take advantage of you and I promise, if someone did treat you like that, I can hurt this person one hundred times more than they hurt you.

We do perceive love as two completely different things then. I think love is both a feeling and a decision that each person might experience on their own. I felt love for you even when we didn't have any relationship. I decided to value your life and happiness more than mine even when you despised me.

There is more to loving someone than what you described. By your understanding, when the feeling isn't reciprocated the love doesn't exist. I am a proof that's not the case.

Also, I don't think you are right about my depression. It is not something that will go away completely. Even if I made some progress, it would be noticeable after many months. It's also pointless to ask me to try and love myself. I can stop hating myself (maybe). I will never love myself.

But I assure you that it will not make my love for you any lesser.

Yours truly,

S

Dear Sev,

I got sad after reading your letter. I cannot understand how can you hold such low opinion about yourself.

I didn't list your physical appearance as an object for my desire, because I didn't want to seem shallow. You don't have any defect on your body. You are normal looking man, you are not repulsive!!! You never were for me. I find your height so attractive. I think your hair is gorgeous. Your hands are so beautiful and well kept. You move so gracefully. I didn't like your new style at first, but now I love it. You have the most unique and noble nose I've ever saw. And my fucking god... Your smell. I swear, you always smell differently and it's always so irresistible.

I know about the bad things that happened to you because of your body. I know many people made fun of you, because you have unique features and because you had problems with maintaining your looks as a kid. I know it was not your fault, you were a kid and

someone should have taken care of you. You maybe looked a little bit awkward as a teenager, but now you are truly an elegant and attractive man.

I understand, what you mean about your depression. You are right, I have this notion in my head that my love and touch is going to heal you in a moment. But I am prepared to live and suffer with you. Just don't close your heart from me like you did last time... We can and should talk. I feel really guilty that I left you after this situation by the lake. I was a kid, I didn't understand what it meant to you. Now as a woman I do.

Yours

Lily

My Dearest Lily,

my point about you overlooking my lack of attractiveness was not a way to get compliments from you. In fact, I feel quite strange after reading your letter. I hate my body. Nothing is going to change that. I know how I look, Lily. I feel like I'm committing a sacrilege by touching you with my dirty disgusting flesh.

Also... I don't think you are prepared to live and to suffer with me. I will try and do everything in my power for you to not experience even a fraction of what I feel. It would be better for you to never even knew me than to be tainted with my depression. I have no idea how to save you from myself... As I said, I want your love and your desire and all of you, but you have to remember, that it's really not easy to open up for me.

Lily, I'm sorry, but I have so much work, and I don't know if I can write to you again.

Yours forever.

S

My Dearest Severus,

I am so sorry for talking about all of this. I don't want you to stop writing to me. I know you have to work, but the Ministry is not going to collapse if you take a break...

I worry about the way that you talk about yourself. It's so sad. Your body is precious and worthy and you really shouldn't say it's dirty and disgusting. I know you told me to not talk about your body, but really... I had to say it. This is really important for you to change your approach that you have towards yourself. How am I supposed to touch you and pleasure you, if you hate your body?

I am genuinely curious. I really want us to have a deep partnership and give each other joy and satisfy each other. I'm terribly sorry if my letter disturbs you, I just had to write it to you.

With kisses.

Lily

My sweet and lovely Lily,

your letter moved my heart. But you have to be aware that I have no desire for you to touch me in that way. Quite the opposite. I don't want you to "pleasure" me. It would actually cause me great pain if you try.

I assume you are hinting that we might one day have an intercourse and my approach to my body is going to affect it. I don't know how it's going to work after some time, but right now I imagine it as me giving pleasure to you. And I think I can be satisfied from just looking at you orgasming.

Of course, it's not like you cannot touch me at all. I enjoyed it greatly when you played with my hair. Or when you hug me or squeeze my arm. I just don't want to be in the center of the focus when we will make love. I know you might find it strange and unfulfilling, you might even laugh at me.

But on top of that, I have to warn you, I don't intend to take off my clothes anytime soon. I have a problem with exposing my body even when I'm alone. Also I have some disgusting scars that I don't want you to see.

You might think I'm insane, because how can a real man be ashamed of his body to the point he is not able to have intercourse like a normal person? But you started this topic, I have to be frank with you about my issues. I don't want to be a disappointment.

I'm sorry if I misunderstood you and you didn't want to start the topic of our sex life.

Yours forever.

Severus

Dear Severus,

I am so thankful that you decided to share all of that with me. I don't think that my letter explicitly hinted our possible intercourse, I was probably just having that in my subconsciousness.

Of course, no issue that you listed is an issue for me. I want to touch you, to make your feel good, but if you say you can be satisfied from making me orgasm alone, then I believe you. I really understand it. As I said to you once — little steps.

Also, there is not one way to have intercourse like a normal person. I assume as normal you meant an intercourse with penetration. If you want to know, many women (including me) cannot come just from the penetration alone. So for me it's even better that at first you will learn how to touch me in other places. And you can always put your fingers inside me. We can experiment.

I'm sorry, if me talking about it is too tasteless for you, I'm just a person who is more open about those topics. I read a lot about sexuality. And I learned that there is not a way to have sex not "like a normal person", unless you hurt the other person. But as I said many times, I believe you are not capable of hurting me, so really, you have nothing to worry about. And I would never laugh at you, because you have your boundaries or a strict way you are comfortable in having sex.

About your clothes — they can stay on as long as you want. I understand that trusting someone is hard and it takes time. I don't even know how this could be a problem for me. It's your body, you can do what you want with it (if you are not hurting yourself!).

I'm not sure if I should tell you that, but right now I'm so aroused from thinking about us having sex. It's so late, I'm writing this letter lying on my bed and I'm hugging your shirt that I found in your closet. It smells like you. I don't know, maybe you will see me as an easy girl, but I miss you so much. I loved writing all those letters with you. It's so retro and cute.

Okay, enough. I'm afraid if I will write more, I'm going to embarrass myself greatly.

Lily

My sweetest girl,

I know it's late, my love. I have a lot of work, but I cannot finish it, since I have to write to you all the time. And when I'm not writing, I cannot focus, because I can only think about your letters.

Now I cannot get the image of making you feel good out of my mind. I read your letter with shaking hands. I promise you I can give you everything that you need. I'm under the impression that we were really made for each other, because you don't have any problems with my boundaries. I know they may seem pointless and nonsensical, but maybe one day I can talk to you and make you really understand.

However, I don't know how am I going to be able to go back home to you and behave like earlier. I know this is pathetic, but I really cannot control myself after reading all of this. And the fact that you are laying so far away from me, aroused, thinking about me, needing me... But is it the right time? Are you sure you aren't going to be disgusted by me touching you there?

Lily, my sweet, lovely, blooming flower, my life and my pleasure, what should I do? Write to me as fast as you could.

I love you.

Severus

Sev,

I am sure I want this. From my rational perspective we both want it badly, so we should do it. But let's make a deal, just in case: we will stop writing to each other, we will just think for some time about this and decide.

Then when you come back home, you can just go to your room and you can wait for me. If you will not want me to enter to your room, just lock it. If you leave it open, I assume you want me to come inside. And when I will not come to you that night, that means that I changed my mind and I don't want to sleep with you. We don't have to talk about it, we will respect each other's decision and we will move on with our lives.

Is it a good idea? I hope you will finish your work soon, Severus.

Lily

Okay, Lily.

Give me three hours and I'll be back.

Remember, whatever you will choose, I will always love you greatly. And even if you enter my room, you can always say no at any time and I will stop whatever we will be doing.

You can also come and just lie down with me.

Enough, I sound desperate.

I love you.

I love you.

I love you.

Severus

10. Moonlight

The night was full of silver light of the moon. The crows were sitting on the ceiling of the house. All of the weeds and bushes around his manor were dead, brown and dry. Severus felt cold wind hitting his face and blowing through his cape. The lights in Lily's room were on. He saw her shadow on the wall, but didn't see her face. The trees around the house danced and swayed like he and her on the Malfoy's party.

Severus walked towards his home and stood in front of the door for a good five minutes. He could feel the Lily's presence through the walls. He was so terrified that this night is going to destroy everything they managed to build. He was afraid, so afraid. He thought that he should be glad and aroused by the possibility of sleeping with his love. But right now it was a rather stressful thing for him. He was afraid he is going to embarrass himself in front of Lily, or harm her or that he is going to disappoint her with his performance or that she will not get any pleasure from his touch. He never touched a woman. He had no idea what to do in bed with her. He should have asked Narcissa, but it was too late now.

He was also so afraid that his appearance is going to throw Lily off. That she will notice his flaws and be repulsed by him. Severus spent a good fifteen minutes in the Ministry bathroom trying to tame his hair that he barely brushed this morning, get rid off his dark eyes with cold water or just make him look a little bit more like a real man. His efforts were pointless, he was still his old self, he looked even worse after all of this attempts: wet face, tired expression and on top of that — half detangled hair. He was happy it will be dark when he will come home, maybe Lily will not notice, but she will notice, as he forgot that the moon shines in full brightness tonight.

He opened the door and went inside making a lot of noise, so Lily will know he is back. He hung his cape on the hook and went down the hall. He passed Lily's room, holding his breath and stopped for a moment. He could just... enter and tell her that they don't have to do this, that he loves her regardless, that she is too good for him, that she has a future, she doesn't have to give herself up for him, that she can find someone better. He considered breaking their agreement. Because what if she will not come tonight? That is going to break him in half. He didn't want to lose what they had. He didn't want it to be awkward. Before it was easy to hide his desire, to just pretend he doesn't see her that way. But now... It was clear that he wants her in his dirty, animalistic and primitive way. How is she not disgusted by it? That he kidnapped her also because of his carnal desires. Maybe she hasn't thought it through, maybe after those three hours she will see him for who he is.

He sighed, passed her room and entered his. He left the door wide open for her and came closer to the window. He leaned his hips on the windowsill and crossed his arms on his chest. The moon shined brightly and it lit the room with dark blue light. Now he can only wait.

He stood there for a couple of minutes. Every second without Lily stretched to an hour. He was losing his mind. He was so nervous. Maybe if he had wrote her something different, explained himself, she would want to spend the night with him. Now she thinks he is a

mindless and pathetic creature who preys on her while she is under his guard. That he is some sexual pervert.

Severus opened the window. He wanted to smoke, but he was afraid that his breath would be awful after, if she is going to come here. He breathed slowly inhaling the sharp cold air. The forest smelled like November. He noticed he is shaking, but couldn't decide if it's because he is nervous or is it just that cold. He closed the window and turned around.

Severus saw Lily standing shy and leaning on the doorframe. He couldn't breathe for a moment. She was more beautiful than ever. He looked at her not able to say a word, waiting for her move. She also looked at him unable to decide what she should do now. She felt the tension between them rising.

Lily exhaled, trying to calm herself down. She made a few steps towards him and laid down on his bed, her legs slightly bent towards him, exposing her knees. She wore a white linen sleeping gown. Her hands were on her stomach and she was looking at him with her big, doe-like eyes in an excited and docile manner, waiting for his move.

She was breathing fast and shallow. She was afraid, so afraid. For the whole three hours she was thinking about what she should do. She was losing her mind over him. She wanted to jump on him the second he enters the house, but what if he changed his mind? If he is not ready to be with her? That he decided she hurt him so much he doesn't want her anymore? Lily didn't want him to suffer because of her desires. She was so lonely. She never knew solitude can hurt so much. She thought that maybe she just wants to have anyone beside her, anyone who could keep her company, but it wasn't the truth. She needed him. She needed to drown herself in his presence, his body, his mind, his soul. It was him and only him.

Lily felt hopeless. What if he will think of her as an easy slut? She was too open with him in those letters. She should have been more hesitant, just in case. She looked him in the eyes. He was standing above her, leaning on the window frame and looking at her as if he was starving for her body. She didn't know what to do to make him touch her. She felt the tension growing between them and she had to press her thighs together.

He was still standing and looking.

"I was so afraid you are going to lock the door," she said and her voice was like strings of light radiating from the moon.

"I was afraid you are not going to visit me tonight," he said in a quiet, deep and low voice that was mixing and melting with the wind that was blowing outside.

She wanted them both to have a life together. She was constantly thinking about his suicide. If he would really kill himself that year... God. She would be devastated. It would destroy her. She was thankful that Voldemort saved him. She knew it meant that his life now belonged to Voldemort and he became a Death Eater. But at least she didn't had to deal with the guilt of making him kill himself because of her stupid fucking behavior and the fact that she wasn't able to forgive him, because she was having a crush on Potter...

Severus made a slow step towards her and sat down on the edge of his bed. He wasn't able to look at her from this close. He wanted to lay on her and kiss her. But he wasn't able to.

"Lily, there was a time when I wanted to die," he said.

"I know," she said back and sat on the bed next to him. She put her hand on his back caressing it with love.

"But the thought that one day you will want me back in your life kept me going," he said.

Lily pursed her lips. She knew about his suicide attempt. She pulled him closer to her and she laid leaned on his bed. He lied down in the clothes that he wore to work. He was so elegant and refined. Severus couldn't relax his muscles and felt clumsy and awkward trying to fit his long limbs in the bed when Lily was also there.

She placed her hand on his warm black woolen jacket where his heart was and leaned to kiss his lips. She pressed her mouth to his waiting for his move. Severus touched her waist and clenched his fingers on the nightgown she wore, trying to feel her skin through it. Lily opened her mouth to moan and she deepened the kiss. He responded with a quiet gasp and kissed her back. She smiled and broke the kiss.

Those words and this touch made them both dazed and unable to breath. Lily took his hand into her and pressed it on her breast feeling waves of pleasure. Severus had never touched something so tender, soft and warm. Lily pushed his hand harder and moaned from the sensation. The blood rushed through his body and he felt desire flowing through him like electricity. He started caressing her breasts with his big and careful hands. He knew how obvious he was, how tasteless and uncivilized it was to slaver like savage over her tits. He was so disgusted with himself. But on the other hand, he could not resist her beautiful, warm and soft body.

"Ugh, it's too hard," she moaned and squeezed his wrist.

He let go of her breast and got pale.

"I'm so sorry, I don't know what I am doing," he started apologizing and panting from anxiety.

"Oh, no... It's okay, they are really tender today. I will probably start my period soon," she said and smiled, but got embarrassed as her talking about menstruation will probably be disgusting for him.

He looked at her amazed and intrigued.

"That's a nice way of your body communicating with you," he whispered and went back to kneading her breasts but this time he was very gentle.

Her cheeks were flushing and she had to bit her lips. He was so considerate and cute.

Lily's chest was waving up and down as she breathed. She put her fingers in his hair playing with it, stroking his head and scratching his scalp lightly. Severus felt so much pleasure it was unreal. He wasn't aware that her touching his head could make him shiver and give him goosebumps on his arms and neck.

"Kiss them," she ordered desperately after some time, needing more stimulation.

His eyes were flaming and he gasped quietly. He unbuttoned her nightgown and exposed her breast. He felt his mouth watering. He looked up to check with Lily if she really wants it, but she grabbed his hair and pressed his face to one of her nipples. He sucked on it delicately. Lily moaned and arched back, pushing her breast into his face. She saw his nose pressed to

her milky and tender skin and started pulling his hair from his forehead. She has never seen him so beautiful and relaxed.

“Your mouth is unreal,” she gasped and moaned from the pleasure.

Severus felt butterflies in his stomach after this praise. He moved on to her other breast and started kissing it passionately. He stuck out his tongue and started moving around her nipple and pressing on it. Lily trembled and cried out desperately, feeling great pleasure. She clung with whole her body to him and parted her legs, feeling his thigh pressing on her vulva.

She started moving her hips against him wanting to sense some friction that could satisfy her. Her cheeks got red when she realized what she was doing and how desperate for his touch she is. Severus noticed it and let go of her breast. He got up on his elbows and looked her in the eyes. Lily couldn’t stand his lusty eyes on her and she kissed him hard, taking his hand and putting it between her legs.

When his fingers touched her wet and needy flesh, Lily leaned on the pillow and exhaled with relief. She didn’t know she was so sexually deprived, but she felt it now, as his touch felt like water on the desert. Severus explored her cunt with his fingers sliding them on her labia and the entrance. He had no fucking idea what to do now. Is he supposed to put his fingers inside? Or just find her clit and... caress it somehow? Thank goodness he at least knew something about female anatomy, otherwise he would be completely lost.

“Ahhh Sev, my dear fucking God!” Lily screamed under her breath and clenched her fingers on his jacket.

“What?” he asked terrified.

“I beg you touch me there more,” she said and took his hand back on her clit, pressing it frantically, as if she was afraid that he is going to stop touching her.

Severus sighed with lust and started massaging her with his fingers. Lily closed her eyes and she drowned in pleasure. Her breath got finally regular and she felt calmness and satisfaction flowing inside her.

He couldn’t take his eyes off her. The redness on her face was so beautiful on her milky and soft skin, her scarlet lips were parted and with every breath she moaned with pleasure. She bit her lips hard to stop it, but she couldn’t. It was too fucking good. Lily grabbed her breast and started caressing it to give herself more pleasure.

“Love, let me take care of it,” he whispered and Lily opened her eyes, feeling like the sound of his voice makes her almost orgasm.

She let go of her breast and Severus sucked on her nipple hard, at the same time massaging her clit in the rhythmical, disciplined manner, that made Lily almost scream.

“Fuck, don’t stop, don’t stop, don’t stop,” she cried begging him to give her more pleasure.

Severus breathed hard into her breast. Lily spread her legs even wider and grabbed his hair hard feeling her orgasm coming. She moaned loud and almost cried from her lust. She pulled Severus’ hair hard pressing his face more and more into her skin. She felt her legs shaking from the waves of orgasm that he gave her. He didn’t stop stroking her clit even for a moment.

"I love you," she exhaled and whispered. She opened her eyes and looked at him with so much gratitude and tenderness, Severus felt like he melted.

"Really?" he asked her a little too desperately.

Lily laughed and kissed his forehead.

"Dear God, Sev. I would imprison myself in your home earlier of my own free will, if I had known you fuck like that" she said to him and hugged him, "I really love you. I don't know how could I not love you," she said and looked into his dark, black eyes that were reflecting the moonlight.

"Was I good?" he asked with anxiety.

Lily wanted to laugh again, but she bit her lip. He was so unsure of himself she felt a stinging pain in her heart.

"You were so good. So delicate. So focused on me. Severus, it was unreal. I love you so much," she whispered and took his face in her hands.

"Are you sure, Lily?" he asked and took her hand into his.

She nodded and smiled.

"And you? Was it good for you?" she asked.

"Yes," he said and Lily noticed his eyes are watering.

She sighed and kissed him in his lips.

"You know what I want now?," she said and smiled, "I want to make you feel good."

"I was feeling good," he said and pursed his lips.

"You know what I mean," she said and caressed his cheek. She didn't want to push him, but she wanted him so bad.

"Lily, I am done. I've already... finished," he said and turned red, feeling pathetic.

Lily frowned and tried to understand what he meant. Then she realized and gasped.

"Oh, my dear love, I'm so sorry, I didn't notice. It's wonderful then," she said, although she didn't know how to react, "let's lay down together," she suggested and hugged him tight.

Severus felt humiliated, but at the same time he was so glad he orgasmed unnoticed by her. He dreaded her touching him there.

They laid on his bed, him in his normal clothes and her in a half unbuttoned nightgown. Lily turned on her side and watched his face with great focus. She clung to him and covered herself with the blanket as the night was cold and wind was blowing. She started stroking his chest with her hand.

"Severus, whatever happens, let's not regret it, okay? I'm tired of the shame and guilt I feel when I think about us, about all the things that happened between us," Lily noticed her throat is clenched and her eyes are full of tears.

Severus looked at her not moving.

She swallowed her tears and exhaled.

“Just promise me you will not regret it. You can regret everything that we ever did, but not this,” she whispered and looked into his eyes.

“Lily, this night is going to be the happiest night of my life,” he said and caressed her arm.

Lily sighed and hid her face in his clothes. She felt his warmth, his irresistible scent. She felt so complete and happy.

Next morning when she woke up she noticed she is in her room, her nightgown is buttoned, she is tucked in blankets and there is no Severus by her side. She was a little bit confused. She got up and went to the bathroom and then to the kitchen.

Severus was making them breakfast in his normal work clothes. Lily smiled and hugged him from behind.

“Why did you moved me to my room?” she asked.

“Lily, my bed is not comfortable. I wanted you to have a good night of sleep,” he said and turned to her.

She smiled, got on her toes and kissed his lips.

“Okay. I just wanted to sleep with you. Like by your side. Hugging you,” she said.

Severus looked her in the eyes with love.

“I don’t know. I worry I’m not going to be a good person to sleep with. You are so small I’m afraid I’m going to push you out of the bed or lay on you and hurt you,” he said and Lily knew he is really scared of it.

“Oh honey... I understand, but it rarely happens. My bed is bigger and nicer, you should come and sleep with me there,” she suggested and made herself coffee.

“Do you really want it? I don’t want to be a problem or make you uncomfortable,” he said.

“Sev, come on. I told you I want it,” she smiled to him and sat down to drink it.

He nodded and gave her the breakfast he prepared.

“I have to go to work, Lily,” he said and looked at her.

She got up and hugged him, then she kissed him passionately in his mouth.

“Think of me for the whole day,” she ordered him and smiled.

“I think about you all the time,” he said and stroked her back with his hand.

“Come back soon,” she whispered.

“I will, my love,” he said.

Lily looked at him with tenderness and sat down. Severus went out of the house feeling tears in his eyes, but the wind dried them in a moment. He was never loved like that.

Lily finished her breakfast and then she bathed herself. She had another boring day, but it wasn’t lonely. She could still feel the kisses and touches that Severus gave her that night. She

decided to grab a book and spend the day on his bed. His pillows smelled so good, like his head.

When Severus came back, Lily was already making dinner. She made cheesy pasta, her favorite recipe. She kissed him on the lips and sat down.

“How was your day?” she asked.

“Good, Lily. I worked a lot,” he said, although she knew that he came back earlier than usual.

“We can go to the store again soon, okay? I can buy some things and cook more often,” she suggested.

“You don’t have to, I’m happy to make you meals,” he said.

“No, Sev. You work for the whole day, I can make something simple,” she smiled.

Lily ate and thought about the things she had to buy. She remembered that her breast are sore and that she is probably about to start her period. She should have bought some pads and tampons the last time she was there. Suddenly she felt a wave of anxiety. It was hard to remember when was the last time she had her period. She frowned. It was summer when she had her period for the last time.

Fuck.

She got pale and her fork slipped out of her hand.

She remembered the time Potter came to her flat for his things after she broke up with him, and then they fucked and they didn’t have any condom but it didn’t matter, because it was in the middle of the fucking war, but now...

Severus stood up and came to her.

“God, Lily, are you okay?” he said with anxiety in his voice.

She shook her head unable to look at him. He is going to hate her, he is going to be disgusted by her.

“I’m pregnant,” she gasped and hid her face in her hands.

“I know. I knew all along,” he said and pursed his lips.

11. Prophecy

Lily loved to have everything under her control. She hated the anxiety that comes with being dependent on someone. Right now her whole world was crushed. She didn't have any control of her body, her situation, her status, her feelings. She felt so vulnerable. On his mercy. Lily also felt shame. Especially right now, in front of him. How dumb you have to be to get pregnant with your ex-boyfriend in the middle of the war. What the fuck she was thinking. It was all because of her recklessness and stupidity.

"Fuck, I am so fucking stupid," she muttered.

She hid her face in her hands, feeling utter despair.

"We have to go to a hospital, as soon as possible, I don't want this thing inside me," she said without hesitation. She already started a new life with Severus, everything was going great and she will not let this mistake of hers ruin it,

He stood there for a moment feeling anxiety. He wasn't able to explain it to her that they cannot terminate this pregnancy. It was too complicated.

"Lily," he started with shaking voice, 'don't be angry at me, please. I tried to do anything I could to make you safe. I couldn't tell it to you when you were feeling so low... I didn't have the strength,' he said looking at the wall, "I think you should wait with making that decision. It is important to think it through before you make up your mind," he said.

She frowned at him and crossed her hands.

"I don't think so. I don't want to waste my time, body and life. It's my decision to make, so if you love me, you should respect that. I didn't know you were a fucking religious fundamentalist opposing abortion," she hissed at him.

Severus raised his eyebrows. He was so confused. It was clear, that she is really stubborn and anything he is going to say, will only make her want to do everything her way.

"Lily... I know what you feel. But I can take care of you and your baby. I made you potions for morning sickness, I learned so much about pregnancy, there is so many magical potions and spells that will make you barely even notice that you are pregnant... You will not waste your time, body or life..." he said.

"Sev, it's James'. I don't want to make you care for his kid and I do not want to raise it all by myself," she said.

"I don't care, really. I said I love you and it's yours, you are going to build it with your body, it's going to be yours," he said.

She looked in his eyes and knew he really meant it, which surprised her a lot.

"I don't understand why would you want me to keep it," she said and shook her head.

"I don't want you to do an abortion because of me and then regret it. I want you to know that I can take care of you and the baby. I am okay with that," he replied.

"Yes, but that would put me in a really uncertain position," she sighed.

"How is your position uncertain?" he asked.

"Well, you are okay with it now, you might change your mind, and what then? You can leave me in any moment, I cannot do the same, and with the kid... I would be completely dependent on you and your good will," she explained.

Something inside Severus' body felt as if Lily took a dagger and stabbed him with it a couple of times. He couldn't put his finger on it for a moment, but then he understood. She was implying that he might stop loving her. Or worse — that he wants this child to make her even more dependent on him. His mouth felt dry and he could feel aching pain in his chest.

"No, Lily, on my love. You are dependent on my love. And now you are doubting that I love you truly," he managed to mutter under his breath.

Lily looked at him and bit her lips. She indeed implied that.

"You would understand it if you were a woman," she said, "and a Mudblood."

She wasn't able to explain it to him in any different way. He wasn't able to understand how vulnerable is a woman when she is pregnant, without money, without friends, in the middle of winter, in a society where she is a second class citizen because of her impure blood.

He looked at her with more pain than ever. His eyes were empty.

"What made you doubt my love and think of me such low?" he asked, his voice deep and raspy.

Lily sighed loudly. He was so dramatic.

"People change. I saw it many times before. My cousin's husband started drinking and beating her when she was pregnant. My grandma had to leave my grandpa with my newborn dad and start working two month after she gave birth because he was this abusive," she said.

Severus felt anger flowing through him. He was sure he proved his love for her enough. But she still saw him as a monster.

"And you think I will be like them?" he said through his clenched teeth.

Lily stood up and shook her head.

"Don't be angry at me, Sev. I'm just rational and pragmatic," she said and came close to him.

"You hurt me so much, Lily. I don't think you have ever hurt me like that. And you know why I'm hurt? Because no more than 24 hours ago you were in my arms claiming that you love me. And now you say you don't trust me," he said and moved away from her.

"I'm just..." she started, but she didn't know what to say to him. He was right, she didn't trust him that much after all, "but Sev, you don't trust me either. You cannot trust me with your body," she added.

Severus' eyes grew darker and darker.

"You said that you don't mind that I want to keep my clothes on," he said and his voice was full of agony.

"I don't mind, yes, although I would love us both to be naked sometimes and you know have normal intimacy like everyone else," she said and she immediately knew she fucked up even more.

"So you think this isn't normal that I don't want to undress myself in front of you?" he asked.

Lily opened her mouth and hesitated. It was not what she meant. She didn't know how much she lusted for him until he made her orgasm. Right now she yearned for his skin, for pressing her breasts to his bare chest and caressing him everywhere. She just really fucking wanted to be with him naked, see him naked and love him naked. And she knew that she had no right to expect him to be comfortable with his body after she was the one who shamed him for it and made him traumatized.

But this conversation was not about it. It was about the fact that James' child was living inside her, feeding of her body like a parasite and she was on Severus' mercy and kept in his house as his prisoner.

"I will not talk about that right now. If you cannot understand and accept that I'm afraid and I have every right to do so, then yes, I doubt your love for me!" she cried and went into her room, feeling tears running on her face.

Severus exhaled and leaned on the kitchen counter. He was so frustrated. He felt betrayed and lied to. He was so naïve for thinking that Lily really trusts him. She didn't. She was just lonely. He deeply doubted that she loved him. If she did, she would know that love is not something that can just end, it's not an opinion that can be changed, it's not a feeling that can be burned out.

He was so angry, he felt like he could smash the whole kitchen. He needed something to keep his mind off this situation.

Severus left the kitchen and opened the door to the house. Cold air smashed his face. The sun was down but it left pink and orange smudges on the sky. He started to run towards it until he flew into the air.

When he became a Death Eater, he asked Voldemort to teach him how to fly. Severus hated flying on a broom, he always felt pathetic and funny when he was sitting on some stick. But flying without it, like a bat, like a crow, feeling wind in his hair, wind blowing in his cape, he felt like a superhero or a supervillain. He landed on a cemetery that Lily visited some days ago with Narcissa.

The graveyard in the woods was a burial site for the Prince family since the XIX century, when Henry Prince built the manor and he started his family there. He fell in love with a poor witch from the village named Marianne and lived with her till they were old. They died month apart and were buried there. Then when their kids died, they were also buried there. And that's how the little cemetery was started.

Severus came here every time he wanted to find some peace of mind. The cool air calmed him already, but he wanted to spend some time alone. He knew that setting his expectations so high when it came to love was going to cause him pain, but what else was he supposed to do. He wanted to have at least one thing in life that was pure and perfect. He understood Lily, he understood why she was afraid, but on the other hand, she was so wrong about him. He showed her time and time again that he respects her and her boundaries and her will and he would rather die than hurt her.

There was no part in himself that wanted to gain any more power over her, to make her more vulnerable. If he could, he would set her free and give her every right that was taken from her. But he knew that it is not possible.

Also, what hurt him a lot was the things she said about his body issues. She could have changed her mind, it was possible, but... It hurt him. He was so happy that she didn't mind. That he can undress fully when he feels comfortable enough. It wasn't a trust issue, it was his trauma. He couldn't just do it, he couldn't make the healing process any faster, he was just not ready.

Although, he truly wanted to be able to be naked with her one day. Maybe if his body is going to be more toned down, after some time, he should maybe work out and eat more... He could hide his silhouette under his clothes, he could grow more muscles, but he is never going to get rid of his disgusting scar on his forearm.

If Severus had to be honest with himself, he had no idea how Lily could be interested in his body. He knew she liked his smell, his nose, the fact that he is tall, but those were the things that didn't require him to be naked to appreciate. She will be for sure disgusted by his pale skin, his lack of muscles and general awkwardness of his long limbs.

The night was dark and lonely and Severus felt couple of raindrops falling on his head. He made some steps and flew high in the air. He saw his house and headed towards it, while the rain became more and more intense.

He landed on the terrace and went inside. When he did, Lily peaked out of her room with eyes swollen and red from the tears. He frowned and made a step towards her.

"Lily..." he started and stopped when he saw her eyes full of pain.

"What?" she asked and went to her bed to hide from him under her blankets.

He bit his lips not knowing how to talk with her about all the things they had to talk about. He didn't want to hurt her or make her sad.

"Do you want to talk?" he asked.

"What do you want to talk about?" she replied with a question.

"I wanted to tell you how much I love you and that I will respect any decision you will make regarding your body and health," he said.

Lily stared at him shocked for a moment. She was sure he is going to lecture her.

"Oh really?" she said with irony.

"It's just something that you need to know before you make your decision," he added.

She rolled her eyes. Of course he is about to talk some shit about how life is sacred and he will be happy to help her with the kid.

“I’m in contact with Dumbledore,” he said.

Lily raised her eyebrows and thought that he must be joking.

“Why? And why would it matter?” she asked suspicious.

Severus sat down on the chair that Lily had in her room close to the door. He is going to stay here for a moment.

“Um so. When I started working in the Department of Mysteries after I finished Hogwarts I stumbled across the prophecy. I hid it from Voldemort and other Death Eaters. And the prophecy... Was addressed to me. It told me to protect the woman I once loved and never stopped loving and that her child is going to win the war, after the battle is going to be lost. I contacted Dumbledore and he said he heard similar prophecy but from another source. What is linking them, is the fact that your child is going to kill Voldemort and finish the war. Lily, I know it sounds crazy and it looks as if I’m trying to make shit up just to make you have this baby, but really, I would never lie to you Lily...” he said.

Lily looked at him. She was so tired from all the things that were happening. She just wanted to have some peace. But she felt deep inside her that he is not lying to her.

“I can still abort it. It is my decision, not yours or Dumbledore’s. If it was really that important he would say it to myself earlier,” she said.

“Oh, Lily, yes, of course,” Severus said quickly, “I will respect your decision. Everyone must respect it. If you don’t want to have it, you should abort it. But I wanted you to know all of that,” he said.

Lily frowned.

“Yeah, but why would you even care? I mean, you have everything you wanted, you have power, why risk it to contact Dumbledore and why encourage me to give birth to a child that is going to destroy a man that gave you everything you ever wanted?” she asked, “Like what, Dumbledore promised you that you can take his place if you help the Order?”

Severus looked at her defeated.

“I have my reasons,” he just answered.

Lily squinted her eyes at him.

“And they are good enough to make me bear James’ child, care for it for so many years? Bullshit. I’m not stupid. You have some business in doing all of this,” she said.

Severus sighed with irritation.

“I know it’s hard for you to believe, but I’m not a bad person. I’m not ideologically certain like other Death Eaters. If I was, I would never love you like I do. When I was a teenager, I hated Muggles because of how my father and your sister hated magic. After some time, after I matured and grew, I understood how fucked up my beliefs were. But it was too late to change sides, to fight Voldemort. Besides, I know how Dumbledore is — he would use me, never

giving me anything in return, he hates me. All I wanted was to keep you safe. I promised to take care of you and the baby, if Voldemort wins the war, and Dumbledore told me where you were hiding. But in fact, you are right, I shouldn't care what happens to the fetus. I made a promise to Dumbledore, but I don't care that much to keep the promise, if it means I have to force you to have a child. In fact, I am indifferent to your choice. If you will abort the kid, I will still care for you, fight for your rights and maybe one day Voldemort will let you be a witch again. And if you decide to raise it, then you can help yourself and after eighteen years of caring for a kid you can be free. I think you should make the decision yourself," he finished.

Lily sat on her bed stunned. She wanted to say something but she couldn't.

"I know who made you pregnant, Lily," Severus added, after she was silent for a moment, 'I really do hate James Potter. You can judge me for it, I don't care. I am not delighted that I will raise his kid. But I'm sure we will work together to make sure that it will not grow up to be a spoiled abusive brat like his dad,' he said, "and that instead it will be delicate, good and intelligent like you."

The rain was banging on the window. Lily was feeling as if she was about to faint. It was too much. Too much for one day.

"I don't know. I have no idea what to do," she said.

"Then don't do nothing. You don't have to. You have approximately a month to terminate the pregnancy in the Muggle hospital without the consequences, and you have much more time if you agree for me to do it," he said.

Lily frowned and thought about it for a moment more.

"But like... how is it going to affect us? I don't want you to treat me differently. I want to be your girlfriend. And what if it will be similar to James? How are you going to stand the kid? How are you not going to be disgusted that I have a part of him growing inside me?" she asked him.

Severus stood up and sat on her bed. He took her hand into his.

"I knew you were going to be pregnant when I decided to kidnap you. I knew it from the beginning. The only thing I was afraid of was that you will want to go back to James and have this baby with him. I was somehow happy when you wanted to abort it as your first impulse. But after knowing your reasons... I was just disappointed that you want to do it because you think that I could hurt you or leave you. I am not like that. You have a right to not believe me, you have a right to not want to raise a baby with me. Just know. It will not change anything between us. At least from my perspective. I will love you the same," he said.

Lily looked at him. She really wanted to believe him. But there was also another thing.

"I am just... I don't want to raise a baby with someone who is struggling with their mental health. I know it is stupid, I'm not judging you, Sev, I just know how it messes with your head when you give birth. I might go through some mental crisis myself, there is this thing called postpartum depression and ugh..." she looked at him and bit her lips. She caressed his hand with her thumb. She didn't want to make him hurt.

Severus sat next to her thinking. She was right. It hurt him, but she was right. He might love her a lot, but his depression was sometimes hard to manage.

“Then I will try and heal. For you,” he said.

“I’m happy you understand,” she replied.

“It will not be easy or fast, Lily. I told you,” he added.

“I know, Sev. I know. I just want to see... some improvement. That it goes into the right direction,” she said.

Severus nodded and stood up.

“Don’t go,” Lily said anxiously.

“I have to change into my night trousers and shirt,” he said.

“Will you sleep here with me?” she asked and looked at him begging.

Severus hesitated. He didn’t know if he is ready for this kind of intimacy. But she wanted him so bad.

“I will, Lily. I will be back in five minutes,” he said.

After he changed into his pajamas and washed himself properly, he went back to her room. Lily waited for him in her nightgown already under the covers. She moved a little to make him more space.

“I never slept with someone,” he said and lied down next to her embarrassed.

“It’s hard to get used to at first, but after some time you will not be able to sleep alone,” she said and smiled to him encouragingly.

Severus turned the lights off and went to bed. He lied next to her and he noticed he is tensed and stressed.

“Goodnight kiss,” she said and kissed him in his lips.

“I wasn’t ready,” he said, as he barely noticed her kissing him.

Lily laughed quietly and leaned on him.

“You just want to make me kiss you again,” she said.

“If you don’t want to...” he started, but couldn’t finish, as Lily’s lips were pressed into his.

They slept together for the first time and for Severus holding her for the whole night was almost as good as making her orgasm.

12. Mothers

Severus opened his eyes feeling wave of anxiety coming through him, as if he was in a great danger.

He woke up like this every day. The night melted in the morning light and the mist was still setting. It was probably 5 am. So fucking early. He could never rest for the love of god. He turned to see Lily curled up, hugging her blanket and sleeping like a child with her mouth opened and hair messy. The nightgown slipped from her shoulder and exposed her white freckled skin.

He took his blanket and tucked her in bed tight, because the night was cold. Severus left her room silently. He had approximately four hours before she usually wakes up. He went to the bathroom to wash himself, brush his teeth and do his normal hygiene. Then he got dressed up: first, boxers and pants. Then the tank top. Then undershirt with long sleeves. Then white buttoned down. And at the end, black jacket that covered his body. He always felt more... Refined and better when he was dressed elegantly, even if he was dressing up only to sit at his home.

He went to the kitchen and made himself some black coffee that he drunk while smoking and reading newspapers. It was his morning routine. He started doing it when he bought this house. He thought to himself, 'I'm a grown up man, a real man, I should behave like a real man and not like a boy', so he ordered a subscription to the newspaper and started drinking coffee. He treated it as a way of rewarding himself for living another worthless day on earth.

There was a time when depression made him unable to move out of his room. Or to clean or wash himself. He cringed from those memories. He despised himself. It was so pathetic that his friends had to take care of him and make him look and behave presentable and he wasn't able to do it on his own. Severus knew that depression was a real disease, that the pain he was feeling was real, but he still felt like a loser every time had symptoms. The only good thing that depression gave him was very limited range of emotions to feel. And they were almost always muted, blurred, never sharp or clear.

And that was already lost, because with Lily... He felt more emotions during this couple of weeks than in the last entire five years. He knew that what he was feeling right now was not happiness: it was temporary euphoria that mixed with anxiety and pain really well. Happiness would be more deep, more stable. He couldn't remember how it was to be happy. He couldn't put a finger on the moment he lost his happiness. But he knew what happiness was somehow. And he wasn't feeling it right now.

Maybe it was because he still couldn't believe that Lily is truly his. He was under the impression that she will disappear, pop like a bubble right from his arms, that she will escape from him to James. No, he was not under the impression, he was almost sure that Lily is going to leave him. Or she will turn her back on him like the last time.

He lit another cigarette. Something inside him was telling him that he should get from this situation as much as he could. If she is offering herself to him, then he should fuck her like

there was no tomorrow, because she will eventually grow bored of him and leave him. He should be greedy. He should be selfish.

The other side of him was telling him to play this situation as best as he can. To tease her, to be mysterious, to pretend to be interesting and dark, and not pathetic and sad. He wanted to keep her interested in him for as long as he could. Severus felt like he was slapped in the face when Lily implied that their love is temporary. He was naïve enough to think that when she told him she loved him, it was a deeper declaration than it really was.

He wanted her to love him like he loved her. To not be able to live without him. To treat him like air and water and sun. And he wanted their love to be eternal. He wasn't able to be satisfied with the scraps that she was giving him.

She wanted love in a modern sense: she wanted her needs to be met in the most convenient way possible. He was happy to give her what she wanted, he just wasn't able to call it love. He knew that her pragmatic, rational approach was going to make her live a good, happy life, but for him it was better to experience the unbreakable eternal flame of love and be miserable, than to see love in this modern, rational sense.

He frowned as some thoughts came back to his head, circulating in his consciousness like fishes in the ocean. He had to bit his lips to make the pain take away his mind from it, but it only made everything worse. He still couldn't process the fact that he and Lily were close physically. It required his whole self-control not to beg her on his knees for another moment of sexual intimacy.

Severus thought he knew everything about hunger. He was raised in a house where his needs were not important to anyone. And where poverty was dictating every part of his existence. He then learned about the hunger for another person — when he had Lily, and then he lost her. But it wasn't the hunger for intimacy, just hunger for her presence.

Right now he felt the most humiliating and animalistic type of hunger that burned his insides and it was demanding everything from him for a couple of moments of pleasure and fulfillment. He could lie to himself that he just wants Lily to be satisfied. It was not the truth. He wanted to have her body like a man. He couldn't get the image of her breasts of his mind. Every time he closed his eyes, there it was: her nipples, her white skin, her soft flesh, her tits squeezed together, her carmine lips, her pulsating neck with the marks from his kisses on them.

He lit another cigarette to calm himself down. He was aware that Lily was sleeping right in her room, calm and relaxed. That he can slip under the covers and touch her. And she might want him to do so.

She might touch him back.

He felt stinging pain in his chest. Damn, why it hurt so much every time he thought about it? Maybe he just wasn't able to believe that she might actually want to touch him that way. Because he wanted her to touch him. He couldn't imagine that she would truly lust after his body. The body he despised, the body that brought him so much pain and humiliation.

Severus finished smoking and went into his little office. He wondered if he should write to Dumbledore about the fact that Lily wanted to abort the baby. He smiled. He liked the fact that after all those years of hopelessness and of Dumbledore playing with him and his

feelings, he finally is the one in charge. Lily is in his house. Dumbledore is defeated. He has no real power. His stupid games were the reason of his final downfall.

He was almost proud of Voldemort for defeating the old fucker. Of course, the rational side of Severus was aware that Dumbledore is a bad person, but he is on the good side. And Severus supports his side with his whole heart. Although he preferred Voldemort as his mentor and superior. Voldemort was clear with his expectations, he was honest and he always rewarded loyalty and good behavior. While Dumbledore was manipulative, he always had his favorites and he was such a fucking liar.

Severus sat down and started working. It was Saturday so he didn't have to go to the Ministry, but he still had a lot to do. Severus loved being overworked. It always gave him a temporary sense of meaning. The time passed fast.

Lily woke up sad that the other side of bed is empty. She got up and shivered. The air was so cold. She grabbed a cardigan from her closet and wore some socks with boots. She went into the kitchen, but it was empty. The coffee scraps and cigarette butts were cold.

"Sev?" she shouted.

"Here!" he shouted back.

He was reading some report about the new research in the Department of Mysteries.

Lily entered the room and Severus felt like it was hard to breath for a moment. Why she had to be this effortlessly beautiful.

"Why are you never in bed when I wake up?" she asked him and came closer to check what he was doing.

"Because I wake up early, flower girl," he said.

"Why? You don't have to be early in work, and it's the weekend. You could sleep as long as you want. You always look so tired, a good night of sleep would do wonders for your mental health," she said.

"It's not that easy. I wake up early on my own, I'm not setting any alarm clock or anything. I just wake up and can't go back to sleep," he said.

"It's not good, Sev. Maybe you should take some pills to help you sleep longer," she suggested and sat on his desk.

Severus noticed that she is sitting on his important documents that he has to hand to Voldemort and smiled.

"Why are you making a stupid face?" she laughed and jokingly hit his arm, then jumped from the desk.

The documents fell on the floor and he put them back on place.

"Are you hungry, Lily?" he asked to change the topic.

"Take a guess. I'm always hungry in the morning," she said and went to the kitchen with him.

They ate together and then Lily laid on her bed and read some detective novels that Narcissa sent her and Severus went back to his documents. Lily always felt so calm and relaxed when she heard his typing machine clicking.

For diner they had frozen pizza. It was perfect Saturday evening.

“Want to take a nap?” Lily asked him after they ate.

Severus thought about laying with Lily and he felt his heart became warm.

“Of course. Always,” he responded and went with her to her room.

In fact, Lily was just feeling lonely and she wanted to talk with him. She knew he was workaholic since they were in school and he didn’t mind just spending the whole day in his office, but she didn’t like being alone in the evening. She had so many thoughts and problems right now and she needed some support.

They took their shoes off and went under the blankets.

“Hug me,” Lily ordered and laid on her side with her back pressed to his chest and stomach.

He spooned her and stuck his nose into her hair. It smelled so divine.

“I was thinking for the whole day if I will be a good or a bad mother,” she said and sighed.

“Lily... Of course you will be a good mother,” he whispered in his low voice.

Severus felt her warmth wrapping slowly around his body. He prayed he will manage to lay with her without becoming too excited.

“I don’t know,” she said with sadness, “I’m too young. It’s irresponsible to have a kid this young. I am too impulsive, too emotional. I’m afraid I will scream at the kid or I will not manage to care for it. I always forget about important stuff, what if I will forget to feed it or change its diaper?” she exhaled.

“Lily,” he said her name with all the love he had for her, “you probably don’t remember this situation. But right after we started playing together, when we were very little, before we went to Hogwarts even, I fell down and scratched my knee. There was blood and it hurt a lot. I wanted to cry. And you took some leaf from the grass and stuck it to the wound and then you kissed my knee through the leaf. And you told me—”

“I told you that’s what my mother always did,” she finished for him. She remembered.

“Yes,” he said and he was moved by the fact that she didn’t forget about this situation, “I thought to myself after you did it that I want you to be my mother. It wasn’t logical, because I should want your mother to be my mother because she was the one who taught you to kiss the wounds, but I remember it clear as a day. I looked at you and I thought, my mother was never this nice to me. I thought that I love you more than I love her. I was a kid and didn’t know what it meant, but I felt it. I hope I don’t sound pathetic, but that was the kindest and the most tender thing someone did to me ever. I was so shocked. I thought you were about to perform some healing magic on me, but you just kissed me. And it was enough. I kept this leaf until it turned into dust in my pocket,” he said.

Lily was silent for a moment. She remembered this situation because after she kissed him he looked at her so strangely. So stunned.

“Your mother didn’t kiss you?” she asked and took his hand into hers.

He didn’t respond.

“Do you feel comfortable to talk about this?” she asked again.

“Um. Yes, sorry. No, she didn’t kiss me, she didn’t hug me. You probably think she was a bad mother, and maybe she was a bad mother, but she was a good person, she was trying her best. You have no idea how shitty my father was. After I finished school and she got sick we talked about it for days. It was hard, but I forgave her. I’m happy I had the chance to do it before she passed away,” he said.

“I’m so sorry, Sev,” Lily said. She felt guilty that she wasn’t with him when it happened. She knew he had his Death Eater friends and Narcissa, but still.

“Don’t be. I got over it. And now that you are with me I don’t even miss her,” he said.

“So you still loved me more than her, huh?” she asked and smiled.

“Lily. I always loved you more than I loved anyone. Every sign of affection and intimacy that you gave me was priceless for me. I lived with the purpose only to be touched by you again,” he said.

“So why you don’t want me to touch you in some places?” she asked genuinely curious.

He exhaled as this topic was hard for him.

“Why would you want to touch me in those places?” he asked back.

“You know why. Don’t play stupid,” she laughed, “but okay, I will not pressure you. Well, do you really think that I will be a good mother?”

“I would kill to have a mother like you. You are tender, delicate, you are intelligent, patient and you have so much love inside you,” he said.

“But like, what am I supposed to do with a newborn? It doesn’t know how to speak or anything. I will get bored of it after a day. And newborns need constant care” she said.

“Lily, we can hire a house elf to help you with caring for it. Also I don’t think newborns are boring. You said you are interested in human psychology, you can observe the changes that are going to happen in the baby’s mind and maybe do a journal out of it. I can give you some books about that. And newborns mostly sleep, so you will still have a lot of time to read and do your things,” he said, “and after I will be back from work I will make you dinner and take care of it.”

“You will be tired from working all day,” she said.

“No, Lily. I’m never tired when I’m back home to you,” he said.

“Maybe... I still don’t know,” she sighed.

“Lily, my sweetest love, you don’t have to know right now. As I said, think about it, I will be happy either way. I will support you whatever you will choose. But really, don’t worry

about you being a bad mother. It's impossible for you to be a bad mother. I could kill to be your kid and to have a mother like you," he said.

Lily laughed.

"Ohhh, but if you would be my son we will not be able to do many things together," she said flirtatiously, but he didn't pick it up.

"Like what? We would be able to do everything together. I would love to have someone like you by my side, loving me from the day I was born," he said.

Lily bit her lip.

"I still can love you like a mother would, care for you and so on... But what I'm trying to say, is that if I was your biological mother, we wouldn't be able to fall in love," she said.

"But love between a mother and a child is as beautiful as between lovers. Maybe it's even more pure and more strong," he said.

Lily turned to him and looked him in his eyes.

"Sev, what are you talking about. I'm trying to tell you that we would not be able to have sex together, if I was your mother," she said and smiled.

He opened his mouth and raised his eyebrows to say something back but he felt so stupid he didn't say anything.

Lily felt sudden wave of desire coming through her. She thought about how rare it was to have someone loving you so hard for so long. He also felt it or read it from her eyes that she wanted him.

They were looking at each other both too paralyzed and afraid to make the first move.

Lily gathered her courage and kissed his forehead with tenderness. She regretted not kissing him more often when he was a kid. How lonely and terrible it must have been to grow up without any intimacy.

Severus shivered and pressed Lily's body to his. He knew he was on the verge of losing all of his self-control and drowning his face in her breasts.

"Um, do you feel like sleeping with each other right now? Like not actually sleeping, just you know," Lily asked.

It was already half dark in her room and she was so turned on.

"I know, love," he said and immediately felt stupid for sounding so desperate.

But Lily didn't mind, quite the opposite. She knew how shy he was in bed.

She pressed his body to his and kissed him in the lips. She positioned herself beneath him and pulled him to make him lay on her. She was so needy and ready for him. She grabbed his hand and put it between her legs, pulling down her underwear.

He knew exactly what he was supposed to do. Severus started kissing and sucking on her neck and he begun to caress her wet pussy with his fingers. He found her clit almost instantly. She relaxed and moaned with pleasure.

Lily started unbuttoning her dress so that he could see and play with her breasts. She knew how he loved them. She didn't have to ask him to kiss them, as he threw himself greedily at her nipples and soft skin. Lily cried loudly from the pleasure and started stroking his hair. She felt so secure and safe with him. How could he ever hurt her when he loved her that much.

He kissed her neck, breasts and lips constantly massaging her clit. He loved taking care of her needs. She clung close to him and tensed feeling her climax is near.

"Fuck, don't stop," she begged him desperately.

She came so hard, Severus felt true pride that he was the one who made her feel so good. Lily showered his face with little kisses while her breath was getting more and more steady.

"Sev, you are so good in bed," she whispered. She couldn't resist putting her hand on his crotch.

He pushed his hips towards her fingers instinctively and she grabbed him through his pants. Her heart was beating so fast. She wanted it so bad.

"Please," she whispered while caressing him.

He would reject her normally, but right now, when he was so desperate and her touch was bringing him so much pleasure, he couldn't take her hand from him.

"Jerk me off through my boxers," he said under his breath and unzipped his trousers.

Lily could swear to god that she was never this turned on in her life. She tried to make it as comfortable for him as she could, so he would be more open to letting her touch him again. She grabbed his dick through his underwear and started caressing it. She sighed with desire as his cock was so long and big, she could hardly take it in her hand.

He exhaled with ease and moaned desperately. It was so good to feel her touch there, he couldn't believe she was actually doing this.

"Fuck," he muttered under his breath and took her hand into his to help her with the hand job.

She didn't have enough strength to do it as he liked, but he still wanted to feel her fingers on his dick. He started stroking his cock hard with her hand in his. He looked at Lily's chest and saw her breasts shaking from the movements. He bit his lips to stop his pathetic moaning, but he was too late. He orgasmed so hard he felt like he was going to pass out.

Lily looked at him amazed. How was he so beautiful when he was orgasming. His face softened and he looked relaxed and happy. She was delighted. She had the urge to slip her hand under his boxers, but she controlled her urge, because she was afraid it's going to make him uncomfortable.

"Was I disgusting?" he asked with anxiety trying to calm his breath.

Lily shook her head.

"You were amazing. I'm more wet from looking at you than when you made me orgasm," she said.

"So sit on my face," he ordered her.

“What?” she asked and smiled, feeling she is getting red.

He looked into her eyes and sighed.

“Sit on my face so I have something else to do than overthink the fact that I let you touch me,” he said.

Lily didn’t have to be asked to do so one more time, as she loved receiving oral sex. She took off her dress and was only in her white lace socks. She needed that second orgasm. Touching him made her so turned on.

She put her fingers in his hair and brought her cunt close to his mouth. He closed his eyes and started licking her passionately. He had an amazing tongue. Like actually, unreal, she couldn’t believe he wasn’t experienced with giving head. She felt her legs shaking after a moment and she came hard, screaming his name and begging for more.

When she finished she laid down on him and kissed his lips feeling the taste of her cunt on them. It somehow aroused her that she was naked and vulnerable and he was still in his elegant black clothes. She didn’t stop the kiss for a moment, only after she felt like she couldn’t catch a breath, she pulled her lips away.

She looked into his eyes trying to guess, if he was mad at her for touching him.

He couldn’t resist peeking at her breasts pressed to his dark woolen jacket and then he looked back at her eyes.

Lily noticed a little smirk on his face.

13. Bed

He woke up feeling like shit. The sun wasn't even up. Severus felt as if someone put a stone on his chest and neck. He was suffocating on anxiety and panic.

He is going to pay for all of this. Nothing is infinite.

He got up and came to the window admiring morning mist. The stinging pain in his lungs was radiating through him. He didn't manage to look at the woman that was sleeping safely like an angel covered in blankets.

He had a dream.

A dream where something horrible happened. He hurt her. And he got great pleasure in doing so. And he killed himself right after it happened. He grabbed his head trying to control his mind. The images of violence and lust were invading him.

He already hurt her. He already tainted her with his filth. She is already ruined like he was.

Severus left the room and went to the kitchen. He should protect her from himself. Now it was clear for him. He deserved only isolation and pain. It was stupid from the beginning to make her live with him. He should have sent her away, somewhere safe.

He took a cigarette out of his desk drawer and lit it with shaking hands. Smoking always calmed him down. Smoking was a way to hurt himself without making a mess. He focused on the sensation of fumes filling his sore lungs.

It was only a dream. It was only a dream. It was only a dream.

Why he wasn't able to feel happy. Truly happy. Why was he constantly feeling the emptiness sucking his insides. He got what he wanted. He had the money, high position, he had the woman he loved. Why wasn't he happy.

He felt Lily's arms wrapping around him.

Severus was defeated. He tried to breathe calmly but it wasn't easy.

"Come to bed. And don't worry," she said with her calm and sleepy voice.

He finished the cigarette and tossed it into the sink. He was happy she can't see his face.

"It would be better for you to leave me," he said in a deep, broken voice.

"Everyone has a bad dream sometimes," Lily whispered and kissed his back.

Lily could melt his heart and shatter his walls with the smallest tenderness. His chest started shaking and he felt his throat clench. He never cried in front of anyone. But right now he felt like crying.

"Shhh, go to bed," Lily whispered.

She was half asleep and the kitchen was so dark she felt like she is about to pass out and sleep here if he isn't going to move.

"I cannot sleep with you," he said and Lily felt the muscles on his back and stomach were tensed.

"You must sleep with me. For fucks sake, can we talk about it in the morning and not in the middle of the night? I beg you," she said and sighed.

"I will hurt you," he said and swallowed his tears.

"Then go ahead, just go to bed," she said and took his hand to lead him to their room.

She laid down on the bed and covered herself with the blanket.

"I will not lay down with you," he said, "I will hurt you," he repeated like a maniac.

Lily run her hands on her face annoyed.

"Okay, now this is an order. Come to the fucking bed or I will never speak to you again," she said angry.

"Maybe it will be better like that," he said.

"It would be better my ass. Severus, don't make me more angry. We will have this stupid talk when we wake up. Now come here," she groaned.

"No," he said.

She stood up annoyed and came close to his face. Maybe it was the moonlight, maybe it was the fact that his eyes were watery, maybe it was Lily's heart beating fast from the rage and annoyance. She grabbed his arms and clung with her body to him. His face was blissful. His hair was messy, his nose and cheeks were flushing red and his whole body was towering above her. She felt helpless and aroused.

"I will make you lay down with me," she said and started pulling him, both wanting him to lay down and wanting her body close to his.

"No, Lily, let me go," he said, not moving. He was five times stronger than her and he was two times heavier. There was no way she is going to make him move a bit.

She pulled his hair hard, gasping from the effort and dug her nails into his back, wanting him to just fell on the bed with her, but it was pointless. He didn't even feel the pain, it was kind of pleasurable.

"Ahh, fuck," she moaned under her breath, knowing her attempts are futile. But she still tried to pull him into the bed, as she didn't want to give up and lose the fight.

Her voice made the hair on his neck stand and he looked at her differently. He instinctively grabbed her by the waist and tried to get her off him. Lily's eyes grew bigger but she started scratching his arm and pulling his hair harder, while rubbing her body against him, now just pretending she wants to fight him. Their loud and raspy breaths were the only sound they were making.

Lily could swear on every God that she was never this wet in her entire life.

He threw her on the bed but she grabbed him and he fell with her.

“You are pissing me off,” he muttered angry into her ear and clutched her wrists so she stops scratching him.

“No, you are pissing me off, asshole,” she grumbled and tried to break free from him. It only made her cling to him more.

He clenched his teeth and pressed her body to the mattress with his weight. She was so stupid to play with him like that.

Lily moaned when he did that and when she felt his hard dick on her thigh. She looked into his eyes and she saw anger and passion.

He let his fury take control of him. He wanted to teach her a lesson. About his true nature. He dug his teeth into her neck and started biting her hard, parting her legs forcefully. Lily felt shivers running through her whole body straight to her pussy. She wanted him to do whatever he wanted to do with her. She cried from the pain when he bit her collarbone and it made him even more fiery.

But then he came to his senses. He is turning into his father. He came off her and looked into her confused eyes. He fell so low. He really wanted to hurt her this way.

“What?” she asked him anxiously and out of breath.

His face turned cold like steel and his eyes were empty again. He stood up and went out of the room, then put on his shoes and black, long coat that was enough to cover him from wind. He went outside.

Lily ran to the doors, but they were closed for good. She went to her room and tried to open her window. But she couldn't. He must have casted some protective spells that made the house inescapable. She saw him teleporting somewhere through the window.

She groaned annoyed and laid on the bed. She felt rejected. She knew he was terrified of intimacy and he had a nightmare and it wasn't the best moment, but they were both so into it. And he was so perfect. She had to clench her thighs tight as she got immediately aroused from thinking about him.

There was some tension, some damn darkness that made him irresistible for her. She closed her eyes and imagined the gaze he gave her just before kissing her neck. Lily has never seen something like that. So much pain and desire and hunger. She touched her skin where there were still marks where he bit her. She sighed with resignation. He will come back home eventually.

She decided to go to sleep.

When she opened her eyes again, she realized it was probably noon. She stretched her arms and hugged the pillow that still smelled like Severus' hair. She was more calm and rational now after sleep.

She truly understood why he was the way he was. But she just needed him. The thing that happened in the early morning this day seemed like a dream. It wasn't a dream. It was the sweet potential of his passion and desires. She smiled and decided to go and look for him.

In the kitchen there was a big basket of roses. She cringed inside. She didn't like gestures like that. She always had big aversion to romantic, pretentious stuff. However, it was from him and she felt he truly was trying. She came closer and touched one of the flowers. The petals were smooth and cool. She felt sick from the intensity of their smell. But it was pleasurable regardless. They were from him.

She went to inspect his bedroom, but he wasn't there. She came to his office and the door were shut close. She pressed the handle and nothing happened. She knew he was there.

"Sev, open the door," she said and sighed.

The sound of his writing machine stopped, but he didn't answer or open the door.

"Please, don't behave childish," she said.

She heard his steps. And the door was shut.

"Severus, I beg you. Why are doing this?" she asked.

She noticed he unlocked the door with a spell and she opened them wide.

He was standing next to the window, as if he was ready to jump and escape through them. He looked at her with pain and his eyes. She was a little bit confused.

"What is it, love?" she asked again.

He didn't answer. It was so hard to get to him. She wanted to jump on him, kiss him, hug him, touch him, undress him, but she knew it would cause him pain and discomfort. She noticed there is an old radio on one of the shelves. She came to it and turned it on. It was set on some station with modern music. Lily could swear she heard the song somewhere, but she had no idea where.

"Dance," she said and came closer to him.

"No," he answered.

She pursed her lips.

"The war is over, dance," she insisted.

She swayed her hips close to him and smiled, trying to make him less shy.

He looked at her both puzzled and hurt.

"What does it mean?" he asked.

She didn't stop dancing and moving her hands.

"It means the war between us is over," she said.

"Not true," he answered.

"Then you are the one who fuels it," she whispered.

He frowned his eyebrows. It wasn't that easy.

"I want to celebrate the end of the war, Sev. We celebrated the end of your war when I came here first, remember? You touched me, hugged me, my dress kept slipping off my body

and you kept it, and you felt great pleasure in doing so,” she said.

He clenched his teeth. He felt so pathetic and stupid. He shouldn’t have touched her then.

“And when we came to the party the second time, remember? You felt so much pleasure from dancing with me, I swear, I could almost sense it too,” she said and took his hands into hers.

“You don’t like dancing,” he said, but didn’t take his hands out of hers.

“I don’t like roses, but I like them from you,” she answered him.

He exhaled and felt his muscles are relaxing.

“Remember when you told me you liked dancing with me because you can touch me and not feel like a creep?” she asked him and put his hand on her waist.

“And?” he asked and frowned at her.

“And it’s bullshit. I mean, you shouldn’t feel like a creep when touching me,” she said and pressed her body to his, “but if you insist you do and dancing is the only in which you feel comfortable with touching me, then be it, let’s dance every day,” she said and smiled.

“Lily, I don’t need you to outsmart me with your wit,” he said.

“So you agree that your behavior is stupid?” she asked.

“Lily, God. It’s not that simple and fun as you think it is,” he muttered.

“Then explain,” she said.

He sighed deeply.

“I’m just not used to the affection and touching,” he said.

“Then we have to touch so you will get used to it,” she said.

He looked at her with resignation.

“It will not help. I feel like a fuckin predator every time I want to touch you or... you know,” he said.

“I don’t know,” she said, although she knew — she just wanted him to say it.

They were standing for a moment in silence between them, while music blasted from the radio. He was not going to say it.

“Just believe me that I want this. I don’t know why is it that hard,” she said.

“Lily, you know why this is hard. You were the one who called me a creep many times at Hogwarts, you told everyone I was peeping when you were changing, that I’m a pervert, even though I never touched you when we were friends — never!” he said a little bit too accusingly.

Lily felt a stinging pain of shame and guilt and she looked down. Fuck, she really did that. She forgot how stupid and vindictive she was after he called her a Mudblood. She wanted to

end him, she wanted to crush his reputation for good. But he stuck with Slytherins from now on, so her words didn't matter. For him they mattered.

"Why did you save me from Voldemort if I was so horrible for you?" she said and frowned. She didn't like to be criticized or when someone reminded her of her mistakes.

He sighed and felt awkward. He didn't want to offend her, he just wanted her to understand.

"Just don't undermine my problems with intimacy, Lily, when you were the one who caused them. I saved you because I love you really fucking bad," he said and clenched his fingers on her waist when he was saying the last sentence.

She felt shivers when he said that and she gasped unvoluntary. He was so sexy sometimes.

"I was the one who caused them, so you have to forgive me and give me a chance to make it up for you," she said and clung to him close.

"I forgave you already, don't worry. I'm just afraid you are going to call me a creep again and tell everyone that I manipulated you to be close with me," he said.

Lily exhaled and looked at him. She stroked his soft hair.

"If you want me to prove my love and lust for you, I can do it. I can write it, I can swear it under the magic oath. You will have proof that I loved you and wanted you," she said.

"Lily," he sighed, "it's not like you can consent to physical touch one time and I will have the ultimate pass to your body that will protect me from hurting you."

She burst out laughing and rested her forehead on his arm.

"Fuck, you can be funny sometimes. Sev, just ask me, okay?" she said.

"It's not that easy to ask... It's hard to talk about those things. And I'm afraid you are going to reject me," he said.

Lily caressed his arm.

"Sev, it's normal that sometimes I don't feel like it. I will try to be as nice as possible when I will have to tell you no. I will not hurt your feelings for sure. I can also just tell you if I feel like touching or fucking," she said and felt he tensed when she said the last word.

"Lily... You just have to understand how you affect me. Today... In the morning... I was so close to hurting you," he said.

She bit her lips to prevent her from smiling. She was flooded with memories from this moment.

"I don't mind. It's quite nice when you are so masculine and dominant," she said.

He exhaled nervous.

"Did you hear what I was saying? I was angry, I wanted to do bad things to you," he confessed.

Lily felt her mouth was watering.

“Bad things? Like sticking your dick in me? I want it anyway,” she said.

He frowned and took a step back.

“We will not talk like that, forget it, never mind,” he said and sat behind his desk.

Lily rolled her eyes and sat down on it, right next to him.

“Okay, I’m sorry, you don’t like when I’m dirty mouthed. Let’s have this conversation, please, I really want to understand and help you,” she said and took his hand.

He turned away. He was thankful for her determination, but the fact that she was undermining his concerns was tiring.

“Right. We can try. I promise you, I will try and open up more, okay? But only if you tell me that you want it. I have to have a clear message,” he said.

“Sev, of course. I hope it will get better over some time,” she said and smiled, then kissed his forehead.

His cheeks got red. He really liked when she was kissing him.

They ate together a meal that was something between breakfast and lunch. Lily started thinking about him more and more. It was so different with him. With other boys (she wasn’t only with James, their relationship was going on and off for two years and she had boyfriends in between their make ups) it was so easy to built intimacy. They wanted to fuck her every moment they were able to, they craved her touch and kisses.

She could feel Severus wanted all of that too, but there was something stopping him. Maybe it was some traumatic memories from his family... If his father was abusive, then he might have problems with trusting himself with his lust. But he wasn’t like that, he was so gentle. She noticed he is still sad and he eats his meal but completely without any appetite.

“Love, what is it?,” she asked him.

He shrugged his shoulders.

“I just have a bad day. You don’t have to sit with me, I don’t want to bother you,” he said.

Lily raised her eyebrows and made a face.

“Are you out of your mind? If you feel bad, you just have to tell me. I will try and make it better,” she said.

“Ugh, Lily. I am depressed. Sometimes I just can’t get better. I don’t want to frustrate you,” he said.

She looked at him with empathy.

“Sev, it’s okay. I love you even when you are sad. Maybe let’s just lay in bed and read? You are working too much,” she said.

He somehow felt moved that she is okay with him being in the bad mood. Days like this happened and he couldn’t do anything about it.

“That’s nice of you. Yes, we can read together, that sounds lovely,” he said.

She smiled proud of herself.

They went into her bed and laid down. Lily rested her head on his shoulder and started reading. She changed her positions every fifteen minutes, but tried to touch in every one, sometimes laying with her back pressed to him, sometimes resting her hands with her book on his chest. It irritated him at first, but then he got used to it and it was more and more comfortable for him.

The day was cold and windy and it was so nice to be close with someone. He couldn't resist staring at her when she was so focused on reading she didn't even noticed it. But Lily did notice — she just wanted him to feel comfortable and if he wanted to look at her and it was pleasurable for him, then be it.

Finally she had enough and placed the book on the nightstand and turned to him with a smile.

"You know what we should do? We should look in each other's eyes and who breaks the eye contact first loses," she said.

He turned to her.

"I can look at you for ages. And my eyes are weirder, you're going to lose," he said.

"Bet. Okay, start," she said and smiled.

They looked at each other for some time. They were feeling both awkward and good. It was somehow more intimate and moving than having sex. They felt as if they were staring into each other's soul.

"Why did you try to kill yourself?" Lily asked faster than she thought.

He broke the eye contact and his face got cold and emotionless.

"I don't want to talk about it," he muttered.

"Sev, I didn't want to offend you, I swear," she said and leaned on him.

"Why did you even start this conversation?" he asked annoyed.

"God, I was just looking at you and it came to my mind. I'm sorry. I just want to know. Narcissa said that it's not because of me, but I don't know," she said.

"Fuck, don't tell me you were discussing it with Narcissa!" he gasped angry.

"Yes, I fucking discussed it with Narcissa, I'm worried about you! Why did no one told me about your suicide when it was happening!?" she said back.

"Because I specified to everyone who knew, that if you will find out about it, I will kill myself for good the second time!" he shouted at her and stood up.

"Fuck, what a genius idea! Really!" she said with irony and also stood up.

"Yes, I tried to kill myself because of you! I told Narcissa that it was because of James and his bullying, because I didn't want to hear her talking shit about you. But it was you! I couldn't live with what you did to me, I knew the moment you started to spread those fucking

gossips about me, that you are not going to forgive me ever, I was nothing to you. So yeah, it was you. Happy?" he shouted at her.

Lily stood with her arms crossed. She looked at him with pain in her eyes.

"I'm so sorry," she said and burst out crying.

He raised his eyebrows. The moment she started to cry, he wasn't able to be mad at her no more. He came to her and hugged her.

"It's okay, Lily. It's okay," he said and stroked her back trying to calm her down, but it didn't work, she cried more and more, she was shaking from the sobs while clutching his robes and holding onto him.

"It's not!" she cried loudly.

He sat down with her and placed her on his lap. She clung to him hard and cried for a long time. When she started to calm down it was already dark outside.

"I'm a bad person. I'm going to be a horrible mother," she sobbed into his neck.

He embraced her more tightly and sighed.

"It's not true. You were a teenager. I also overreacted, it was stupid to jump straight to suicide, pathetic," he said.

Lily grabbed his hair and looked him in the eyes.

"Bullshit. I bullied you with James and his minions. I was to blame. I would kill myself if I knew you attempted suicide because I was a bitch," she cried.

He sighed.

"Don't say such things, Lily. That's why I didn't want you to know. I didn't want you to think that I'm weak and I did it because I wanted you to change your mind about me. I didn't want you to think that I wanted to manipulate you... Into forgiving me," he said.

"I just wasn't aware of the consequences, Sev. I was so stupid, I thought you wanted me dead, that you really see me as a Mudblood, that you think I'm worthless," she sobbed.

"Lily, I told you, it's nothing. We did stupid things, we were stupid. At least we are together now," he whispered to her.

"And you don't want me to touch you because I was a bitch!" she cried.

He pursed his lips. It wasn't that easy. It wasn't only her fault.

"Listen, you oversimplify my issues. I just don't feel good with my body. You have to be patient," he said.

"I will," she said and looked him in the eyes.

He saw her red face full of tears, her lips plumped and swollen, her eyes watery and her eyelashes wet and dark. Fuck, she was perfect.

He came close to her with his face and touched his nose with hers. She sobbed but didn't back off or turn her face. He kissed her lips. They tasted like tears and her saliva. She kissed

him back and stroked his hair. She was obsessed with his hair.

He put her on the bed and kissed her once again and sat on the bed.

“I will make you some tea and sandwiches, Lily. Rest for a moment,” he said.

She nodded and sighed.

She is going to be a horrible mother. But he will be a perfect father.

14. Smoke

The opulence of Malfoy's mansion made Lily feel amazed and small once again.

Lucius had his birthday party tonight and he invited his friends from school mostly to celebrate it. He prepared a bigger party for the Voldemort, Ministry officials and so on, but this one was for his closest circle. Lily didn't know, if it was appropriate for her to be there, but Severus insisted that he will feel better with her on his side. She tried her best to be a good girlfriend. Although, it terrified her how close to the Death Eater circle she was.

The celebration started with champagne served to the guests. She pretended to drink it, because she was too afraid to ask for something without the alcohol. She didn't want to draw any attention to herself. She wore the most basic, the most ordinary long green dress she could find in the store. It was warm, tight and it wrapped around her whole body perfectly. And it was in Severus' favorite color. She made a tight bun with her hair to look as much as an old maid as possible. She didn't have to impress anyone there — she didn't care what those people think about her.

She saw Mulciber observing her from across the room and raised his glass towards her with a smile. She got tensed and squinted in his direction, then clung to Severus. It was more stressful when there was only couple of people on the party, because it was harder to just blend in. She knew the girls of the other Death Eaters — wealthy pure blood daughters — were observing her closely and gossiping about her and Severus.

Lily was afraid of confrontation. It wasn't because she was not confrontative, quite the opposite. She knew she will talk back to anyone who is going to aim at her. She also knew the only thing that was stopping all those people from exhibiting their prejudices against her was the fact, that she was here with the Voldemort's favorite Snape (or Prince now) and she was liked by Narcissa.

Severus led her to one of the gold, beautiful rooms with the big table and they sat down. Lily felt anxious, as she knew the empty seat next to her will not remain empty for too long. Someone will for sure come and bother her. She turned to Severus and decided to ignore it.

"Evans," she heard the voice that reminded her of someone.

She turned, although she didn't want to. She saw one of the famous Black brothers. His voice reminded her of the Sirius. She hoped he is somewhere safe... He was an asshole and a good friend of James, but he still didn't deserve to die in this war.

"Black," she said to him and got tensed. She didn't know what one of the Blacks wanted from her.

Severus looked at him and his face got bright in a second.

"Regulus! How was the trip to Morocco? You are so tanned," Severus started talking to him as if they were good friends.

They started chatting over her for a quick moment. She felt weird seeing Severus so happy and open with someone. She searched her memory and in fact they were pretty close. Regulus was a good friend of Sev in the school years. He was a year younger than them and after Lily abandoned Severus she sometimes spotted them both reading together in the library.

“You remember Lily?” Sev asked after a moment and she woke up from her thoughts and looked at Regulus.

“I do. I was surprised to see you here, Evans. Nobody told me you reunited with Severus,” he said nicely, but she could sense some irony in his words.

She opened her mouth to explain it to him and got embarrassed. If he knew about Severus’ suicide and her bitchy behavior, then it wasn’t surprising that he didn’t feel fine with her being here with him. She hoped it wasn’t because she isn’t pure.

“Yes, we reunited. I’m happy I have Severus by my side” she said and bit her lip.

Regulus raised his eyebrows as if he wasn’t believing her.

“Right. Lovely,” he said and nodded.

Severus sensed the irony but didn’t comment on it, he is going to explain everything later.

Everyone started eating, although Lily wasn’t really that hungry. She felt sick from all the stress. Mulciber, Rosier and some other Death Eaters started a discussion about politics.

“I really don’t think that Thatcher is going to oppose our solutions. She a conservative,” said Mulciber with his mouth full of the stuffed turkey.

Lily chuckled and rolled her eyes at him.

“She is only letting you fuck up the Ministry because she has bigger problems with the Ireland and the Miners’ Unions,” she muttered under her breath.

Everyone got quiet real quick and her heart stopped for a moment.

“What is it, Evans?” Mulciber asked her smiling brightly.

Lily knew she doesn’t have a way to back off from what she said. That was exactly what she was afraid is going to happen. She looked around the people there. Lucius stared at her intrigued, Narcissa raised her eyebrows and the old family girls were squinting in disgust towards her. She didn’t have the courage to look at Severus.

“I was just pointing out, that our Prime Minister has more severe problems than some coup in the Ministry of Magic. But that’s going to change the moment she is going to have to do something with Mudblood children who are going to use magic in an unauthorized and dangerous way. Thankfully, it’s not my problem, but yours,” she said and smiled back at him. She fucking hated the guy.

Severus felt his palms are sweaty. He drunk the whole glass of wine to calm himself down.

“You are so clever, Evans. But you keep forgetting we have magic and curses that can make everyone in this country comply. I can overthrow her in a moment. I can manipulate every politician. We are not afraid of Muggle establishments,” he said.

“Yeah, but you are a minority. You don’t want to start a war with them and have every Wizard and Witch constantly occupied with manipulating and fighting Muggles. We are like what, 0.05 percent of the UK population, this is completely counterproductive,” she said.

“She is right, also we don’t want to deal with the destabilizations and prosecutions it would bring in other countries,” Lucius added.

Mulciber squinted his eyes and frowned. He didn’t like the fact that Malfoy was agreeing with her.

“If you are so clever, Evans, tell me, what are you proposing as a solution?” he said.

She smiled with satisfaction.

“Make Muggles safe from magic, eliminate the usages of magic by Muggleborns by monitoring them, maybe brainwash them that they are mentally ill or something, separate the Muggle world from Magic world and trust me, no Muggle Prime Minister is going to give a damn about what you do here. We have the cold war, threats of nuclear weapons, destabilization in almost every part of the world,” she said and looked him in the eyes.

Everyone was still silent and Lily was more and more sure in her words.

“You know nothing about the Muggles, you were locked in your community for so long you forgot how real politics work,” she concluded.

“It’s so nice that you want to spread the knowledge about your people and current events, Lily!” Narcissa said and laughed nervously.

“I do it because I care about the peace,” she said in the most stupid and clueless voice she could manage, “I don’t want to cause more conflicts.”

Lucius raised his glass.

“To the peace!” he toasted.

Severus looked at her with disappointment. Is she trying to get herself imprisoned or what?

“What the fuck was that?” he asked her helplessly, when everyone changed the subject and started discussing the parties planned for the December.

“Sorry,” she said to him. It was really reckless to talk back to Mulciber.

“I want to announce something!” Narcissa stood up and smiled.

People turned to her intrigued. The woman took her husband’s hand and looked at him with love.

“I’m lucky to give Lucius the best present there is for his birthday. I am pregnant, love. You are going to be a father!” she said with tears of joy in her eyes.

The atmosphere got really festive real quick: girls started squeaking and coming to congratulate Narcissa, but Lucius was faster. He grabbed her hard and kissed her in front of everyone. The Death Eaters stood up to tap his back. Only Lily and Severus got quiet.

Lily was so jealous of Narcissa. She shouldn’t be, she loved her. But regardless, Narcissa could celebrate her long awaited pregnancy with the man and people close to her. And Lily

was still considering an abortion. She had Potter's brat inside her. And Severus will have to pretend to be a proud father of a baby that had the DNA of his worst bully.

And Severus was so jealous of Lucius. He shouldn't be, he loved him. But Lucius was going to have a baby with a woman he loved, while Lily was afraid to give birth because she will get too dependent on him. He shouldn't have a say in Lily's decision, but he wanted her to keep the kid so bad. He wanted to beg her to have this baby with him. He wanted to be as happy as Malfoys were right now.

They looked at each other and Lily instinctively grabbed her stomach. Severus saw it and his heart melted. He wanted to tell her so many things right now. But he couldn't. He just stared at her.

"I loved how you talked back to Mulciber. He hates women who have an opinion on anything" Regulus laughed, already drunk on wine. It woke them up from their thoughts.

"Thanks, Black," she said to him nervous.

"You would think they have a problem with you because you are a Mudblood, but no! They always hated you because you were a girl, you were intelligent and you were a Gryffindor and Slughorn loved you more than them. Jealous fuckers," he laughed and tapped Severus' back.

"I don't think that, I think they hate me because of my blood status mainly," she said embarrassed.

"No, no, no, Lils. They hate Mudbloods, who are better than them. If their position is build only on their blood, then if the blood will stop to matter, they will be completely fucked. I think you should talk with Voldemort about your ideas, I can arrange it! We will make Mulciber work for you!" he laughed from his own joke.

Lily and Severus didn't think it was funny.

They stood up and went to another big room that was arranged to be a dancing hall. It was dark, with colored lights and disco music blasting through the speakers. They were both not in the mood for dancing. Severus was already drunk, and Lily was tensed from all the things that happened at the diner.

Nobody paid any attention to them, fortunately. Narcissa and Lucius were for sure all everyone talked about. Lily wished she could drink. Maybe it would be all easier to bear. Severus lit his cigarette and started smoking. The silence between was more and more awful.

"Are you mad at me?" she asked. His face looked angry.

He exhaled the smoke and pursed his lips, thinking what to say to her.

"I'm disappointed. I thought you didn't want any trouble," he said.

"So you wanted me to sit there silent like a doll, huh?" she asked.

They had to shout to hear each other over the loud music.

"I just wanted you to maybe think before offending people at my best friend's birthday party," he said.

“They are the people who want me to be silent! To be nobody!” she said to him.

“Why do you care so much what are they thinking about you!” he shouted.

The fun and happy dancing music was completely not appropriate to have this conversation to.

“Because I want to be someone more than a Mudblood!” she shouted back.

Severus rolled his eyes. It was so stupid to argue with her.

“Can I ask you to dance? We didn’t finish our talk,” Lily heard Mulciber’s voice.

“No, leave us alone,” Severus said and sent him an angry look.

“Yeah, sure,” she said and took Mulciber’s hand.

Severus lit another cigarette with shaking hands. He is going to kill Mulciber as soon as the party ends. What a fucking prick. Coming to them in between their fight and stealing her. To talk! With this loud music blasting! And Lily didn’t even like to dance! He looked at her and his heart tore. She let Mulciber touch her waist. And be so close to her.

“It would help your image to just pretend to be in love with Severus and keep your mouth shut,” Mulciber whispered to her ear.

She looked at him angry.

“You have no idea what are you talking about,” she muttered.

“You are not stupid. You started liking him as soon as the war was won and he became wealthy and powerful. I know women like you, Lily,” he said and smiled.

“Great. I don’t really care about your opinion on me,” she spitted back.

“I’m just trying to help. People will start to question your dedication to the case if you will be a bitch to Severus, they will start to think you are using him,” he said.

“And?” she asked.

It was flattering to her, that he thought that she had control over Severus.

“Try harder or I will have to report to Voldemort that you have a bad influence on our Severus,” he said, “And I will ask him to give you to someone who can control your temper, princess.”

She laughed to his face. Severus clenched his teeth seeing her laugh at Mulciber’s joke.

“You are so stupid, Mulciber,” she said. She could feel that he drunk so much that day. His mouth reeked off vodka.

She smiled at him and started dancing. She wanted him to pretend that she isn’t a Mudblood, that she is special, that she is not like others, that she is accepted. She wanted the power and the money. She was better than Mulciber, and Rosier, and Blacks and all of them.

Mulciber looked at her smiling. She was so ambitious. And she really thought she was an exception to the rule. The music got louder, blasting their ears and vibrating through their bodies. Mulciber really liked whatever Lily was trying to do. He liked the fact that she was

playing with him. They clearly hated each other. They clearly were both disgusted with each other. The song ended and they were completely out of breath. Severus started squeezing through the crowd, trying to get to them and take Lily home. He had enough of this party.

Mulciber licked his lips, trying to calm his breath. Lily was radiating warmth and confidence. She looked at him full of revulsion. The game ended. Mulciber lost. He was standing there needy and charmed by her. She is going to pay for using him to make Severus jealous.

He took a step towards her and tried to kiss her lips, but Lily turned fast enough. Severus made it to them and raised his fist go punch Mulciber. Lily saw it and grabbed his wrist to stop him from starting a fight.

The three of them looked at each other with a full mix of emotions. Severus frowned. She didn't want him to beat Mulciber. She liked Mulciber. She liked Mulciber more than she liked him. He sent her a hurt look. And then he turned back and started heading towards the door.

Lily panicked and wanted to run after him. Mulciber grabbed her, so she bit his hand hard and run after Sev. She knew Mulciber is going after her, but she was smaller and managed to squeeze between people more easily. She saw that Severus went out and turned right. She went after him.

"Sev! Please, stop. Calm down. Let's talk," she begged him.

"Now you want to talk?!" he shouted and turned.

"Yes. Now I want to talk," she said and came to him.

They looked at each other for a good moment. Lily could see in his eyes the same spark that was there when he wanted to fuck her in the morning. She knew he is drunk as hell and she wanted to use this factor to her benefit.

Severus also wanted to discuss her behavior. Preferably while fucking her.

"Where?" Lily asked, hoping he feels the same.

"Here," he said and opened the door to Malfoy's library letting her go first.

She went inside trying to sense what are his intentions.

He approached her from behind and muttered into her ear:

"Whatever you lack from myself, you are not going to receive from him," he said and Lily could feel her mouth is dry.

The doors got locked with a silent spell. The library was dark but the moon and the stars were shining bright through the window and she could see the bookshelves and furniture quite well.

"So where can I get things that you don't want to give me?" she asked and turned around to face him.

"How dare you," he said angry.

“Why are we having this pointless talk? You are mad that I went to dance with your asshole friend. Get over it, really,” she rolled her eyes.

“Why him?” he said.

“He asked,” she responded.

“So anyone can have you, if he asks?” Severus asked and laughed.

Lily slapped him hard. He didn’t have the right to talk to her like that.

Severus touched his cheek. She hit him really hard. He grabbed her and pressed her to the nearby table. He turned her so she wasn’t facing him and started pulling her dress up.

Lily gasped surprised and she felt his cold and strong hand massaging her ass. She bit her lip hard and cried from the pleasure. Her heart was beating so fast she could hear it. He stuck two fingers inside her and she moaned loud, feeling so desperate.

She scratched the table with her nails and heard his hard and loud breaths. She couldn’t bear it any longer.

“I have one request, can you take my dress off?” she gasped as he stretched her patiently with his fingers.

“With pleasure,” he whispered in her neck, unbuttoned her and took it off.

Her white and smooth back was exposed and Severus could feel his dick throbbing in his pants. He started kissing her arms and shoulder. Lily shivered from the cold air contrasting with his warm mouth on her.

She wasn’t even halfway ready for him, but he couldn’t wait. It was a good moment to teach her how important it is to be patient and not rush things. Severus rarely let himself be angry at her. But this time she was asking for it, when he is drunk and stressed. He unzipped his pants thinking whether he is going to regret it after. But the era of his regret and guilt was over.

He pulled his fingers out of her and she gasped feeling sudden emptiness. She was so wet she was leaking on her thighs. She waited for him to do something. He grabbed her breast hard with one hand and he used the other one to guide his dick to her cunt. The amount of relief he felt when he was inside her was insane. Lily smiled hearing his little moans as he was pushing his dick deeper. She noticed he was really huge. His zipper was stinging her in her ass.

“Oh my God!” she cried when he put his fingers on her clit and started massaging it in the rhythm of his thrusts.

Now she was really losing control. It was way to much. She could feel her legs are weak and shaky. He pressed her to his body tight and didn’t stop fucking her with his dick and fingers. She moaned and screamed from the intensity of the things he did to her.

“How does your cunt feel with my dick inside it?” he asked her and his breath smelled like wine and smoke.

“Um... Yeah... Ugh, I’m...” she gasped under her breath, trying to gather her thoughts.

“So eloquent, Evans,” he groaned into her neck and bit her earlobe.

She sighed and got red. He called her by her surname. While fucking her. He was no longer gentle and delicate like he was the last two times when they were together. He was selfish, he was brutal, he was ironic, he was greedy. And she loved it. She didn’t want it any other way ever again.

He started fucking her faster and massaging her a little bit lighter, because he knew how tender her clit gets after a couple of minutes. She sighed with gratitude and tightened her cunt on his dick to express it.

“Fuck,” he groaned under his breath and felt his orgasm becoming closer and closer.

Her whole body was also aching for the orgasm, but she just couldn’t reach it.

“Please, turn me around, Sev, I want to see you,” she cried.

“You don’t deserve it,” he growled angry.

“Ugh... Then I’m sorry. I’m really sorry,” she gasped.

He closed his eyes and fucked her for a couple of seconds not saying anything. He loved when she was so submissive. He grabbed her and turned her so she was sitting on the desk with her bare ass. She clung to him and hugged him tight, breathing into his neck. She started caressing his hair letting him fuck her senselessly.

“Kiss me when you’re going to finish,” she whispered to his ear.

“I don’t take orders from you,” he groaned and thrust into her hard.

“Ugh, fuck, yes, okay, please, I beg you, kiss me when you—” she couldn’t finish, because he smashed her mouth with his.

Lily wrapped her legs and arms around him and felt her cunt filled with his warm cum. He continued to massage her clit with his fingers and right after he finished, she came moaning into his mouth. She felt her throat is clenching from emotions. She loved him so much she wanted to cry.

He pulled his dick out of her and zipped his pants. He was sweaty and red. He took out a pack of cigarettes from his usual, black woolen jacket and lit one.

“Are you still mad at me?” she asked him in the most pathetic and desperate voice he heard.

“Yes,” he responded.

Lily bit her lip and looked him in the eyes while he smoked.

“Why?” she asked.

“Because you made me feel like I wasn’t enough. And it hurt,” he said.

“You never talk about politics with me. You treat me as an incubator for a prophecy baby. I’m isolated while you go to continue your career in the ministry,” she said, “your stupid friends are going to fuck up big time, we both know it. They don’t know shit about Muggle matters.”

He smoked and looked at her naked body. The problem was, she was right. They kicked out all of the Ministry workers from the Muggle families and wiped their memory. But he didn't want her to leave the house. He wanted her to be his wife and raise a baby with him.

Lily knew all of that.

"Let's schedule an abortion tomorrow," she said, knowing what his lack of response means.

"No," he said with confidence.

"Excuse me?" she asked with irony and started putting on her dress.

"You heard me. I want to have this baby. Name what you want from me and I will get it for you. Just have the kid," he said.

Lily squinted her eyes and started thinking intensively.

"I want my magic rights back. I want a high position at the Ministry" she said while putting the dress on, "I want a nanny to take care of the little Potter's brat while I will be making a career. Also, I want to renovate the house. I want to have my own office. And a wardrobe. I want you to sleep in my bed. With me. Every night. And I want you to quit smoking," she muttered.

"The last one, no. The rest, okay. I will talk with Voldemort," he said and exhaled the smoke.

She looked at him for a moment considering his offer.

"Okay. Deal," she said and put her hair back in the bun and headed towards the door to go back to the party.

"Lily," he said and she turned to him.

"What is it?" she asked.

He came closer to her and looked at her from above.

"Never dance with anyone but me" he said. Or rather begged her.

"Okay," she said.

"I love you," he said to her.

Lily smiled and kissed him.

15. Father

Lily was sitting on a sofa with Narcissa. They were both the only sober people in the mansion that night. They were watching billiards game between Severus, Lucius and Regulus. The rest of the guests were drunk sleeping somewhere or sitting on one of the sofas in the room like them.

Lily felt some kind of peace inside her. Watching her boyfriend play, drink and joke with his closest friends was pleasurable. His confidence was so attractive. There was something so nice and decadent to sit in this beautiful room that was probably hundred years old in the middle of the night and eat cakes. She felt like Marie Antoinette.

She stared at Severus being so focused on the game. He was so tall and gracious. Something changed about him. She wasn't sure if it was because she saw him drunk for the first time or was it the fact that he had her on the library desk three hours ago. It was probably mix of those two.

"I love looking at our boys," Narcissa said with a smile.

Lily responded with a smile.

"I know, right? They have so much fun," Lily said and drunk some of her tea.

"Are you having fun, Lily?" she asked.

Lily smirked.

"Yeah. That was the best party I've ever attended here," she said.

"Lucius' birthdays are always a blast! You should have been here a year ago," Narcissa said.

Lily smiled politely, thinking that there was no way she would be invited a year ago.

"But this year will be special for sure," Lily said and touched Narcissa's stomach.

Narcissa nodded and sighed.

"We waited for the end of the war. I didn't want to have a baby in the middle of the war, you know?" she said.

"I understand," Lily said.

"I want to name it Draco. If it's going to be a boy. I have a feeling it's going to be a boy," Narcissa said.

"That's a nice name," Lily responded.

She will have to think about what name she is going to have a baby that was about to be born from her. She also hoped her child will be a boy. She would get more attached to the girl.

The guys ended their game and came to them. Severus sat next to Lily's legs on the fluffy rug and rested his head on her thighs. Lucius sat on the arm of the sofa and Regulus squeezed between Lily and Narcissa. Lily rarely had an occasion to play with Severus' hair from this angle, so she used the moment to do so. She scratched his head a little bit and he got goosebumps.

Every time she looked at him she had him orgasming in mind. She felt claimed by him. She felt her status as his girl was sealed by him fucking her. She somehow knew it's going to be okay this time. They will not regret this. She had hope that after some time he will be able to undress in front of her. Her mouth was watering by the thought of their naked bodies pressed together under the covers.

Narcissa looked at them. It was hard for her to truly believe that Lily was in love with Severus, but right now her doubts were disproven. They were so comfortable with each other. She was surprised to see Severus being so openly physical with anyone. He rarely hugged her. He jumped every time she touched his arm. And right now he was so pleased, sitting next to Lily like a cat, letting her play with his hair.

She noticed how Lily was glowing, how her breasts were bigger than the last time they met. She could sense something. She couldn't see Lily's stomach, but she was almost sure, that the younger woman was pregnant too. And... She didn't drink tonight, so it was probably the reason.

Lily felt so tired from the night. She rested her head on the sofa and fell asleep. When she woke up, she was in her nightgown and in her own bed. The sheets and duvet covers were changed and they smelled like flowery soap. The whole night felt like a dream. She heard the kettle whistling. Severus was walking around in the kitchen, doing something, probably cooking them breakfast.

She felt unimaginable happiness. The air outside was wet and cold and she was lying in her warm bed. Waiting for her love to come to her.

"Severus?" she shouted to him to tell him she is awake.

He walked to the room afraid something happened. He sighed with relief after seeing her joyful in her bed.

"How did you manage to take me here, change my clothes and change the covers?" she asked and sat down.

"You were sleepy," he responded.

They looked at each other for a moment. They felt weird. They felt something changed between them, because of yesterday.

"You know I respect you as a woman and a person," he said and looked away.

Lily almost laughed.

"And?" she responded, "Are you saying that because you did something disrespectful?"

"You know what I mean, Lily. I just want you to feel safe with me," he said.

"So you feel sorry what you did tonight?" she asked.

“Do you regret it?” he asked and she knew he didn’t regret.

Lily touched his thigh with her feet in a white lace sock.

“You paid for pleasure with pleasure. It’s all good. I know you are good and tender and delicate. I would love you to be even more open and confident with yourself,” she said.

Severus felt his mouth is watering and he looked at her feet touching him.

“You know it’s hard for me, Lily,” he said.

“I know. You don’t like your body a lot. But I like it,” she said and touched him on the chest and arm.

“It’s not only that,” he said.

“Then what is it?” she asked with a smile and placed her feet on his stomach and went lower with it, almost placing it on his crotch. But he took it in his hand and placed it on the bed. She was playing with him and not taking him seriously.

“It’s everything around us. And the fact that you are playing a game of domination and subordination with me. While we are both equally enslaved by the establishment and our fate,” he said.

“We are not equal. You have the power over me, but you are afraid to exercise it. That’s a big difference,” she said.

He started caressing her leg with his hand and she felt like a little, adorable animal.

“You think you don’t have the power over me?” he asked.

She pursed her lips.

“That’s not a real power. If the only way I can exercise it is by closing my legs,” she said.

He stopped touching her and frowned. She hurt him.

“Okay. Then I will give you power. We will come to Voldemort today to discuss your position. Hope you will be finally satisfied,” he said trying to contain his anger.

“Why are you mad when I told you the truth?” she asked.

“You expressed your opinion about the things I want from you and you make me look like some pervert who sees you only as a sex object,” he said.

“I wasn’t lying. You want it,” she said.

“Don’t make me feel guilty for the things we did,” he said and she saw how it hurt him.

Lily got up.

“Severus. You are my love. But you have to understand, that my cynicism is caused by my pathetic position and not my lack of affection. I don’t get to be a romantic like you do. I will soon be a mother. I don’t have any money. I am nobody in this society. We had this talk already. There is no place for love where there is imprisonment and complete dependency. Let’s try and fix me up with some work, let’s discuss my security with a lawyer and let’s not

relay on the assumption that we will love each other forever,” she said and put her hands on his arms.

“I will love you forever, Lily. You have to start believing that. I can give you more than Voldemort can,” he said.

“You know I love you too. But I can’t rely on your promises. I have to be secure enough to feel safe and independent and only then I can start a normal life and... a family with you,” she said and felt suddenly weird after saying the last sentence, “Do it for the kid you want me to have. It has to be raised by partners not by a bird in a golden cage and its owner.”

He thought about it for a moment. He was also moved by the fact she was calling them a family.

“But will you love it? Will you love the child? If you cannot love it, we cannot have it, Lily. It would be better for it to never exist than be rejected by the mother,” he said desperate.

“I will love it, if you will love it,” she said, “I still want a nanny. And I want to work. I never wanted to be a housewife. I’m young and I want to do something more interesting than changing diapers. We don’t have my mother or your mother or my sister to help me. I cannot be locked with the kid for the whole day and night.”

“But you will take some time off? To take care of it at the beginning?” he asked anxiously.

“Of course. I will not be able to work right away. Probably like couple of months,” she shrugged her shoulders.

“If that’s enough for the kid to feel that you want it and love it,” he said.

Severus was neglected as a baby. He knew what it meant to have a mother who didn’t want him and didn’t care for him. He would never wish it to anyone. He wasn’t hurt by the fact, that his father was abusive, although it damaged his mental health. What put him through the excruciating pain and anguish was the awareness that his mother would be happier without him and she didn’t want him. They talked about it when she was sick and dying, but it was still an unhealed wound in his heart. With Lily this wound was opened and he was hopeful that she is going to finally make him feel good and complete. That she will provide him with the love his mother never did. He was going to pay every price for it.

“Do you want me and love me?” he asked her after a pause.

Lily touched his cheek and stroked his soft hair.

“I want you and I love you. I want to be independent from you to want you and love you even more,” she said and smiled.

“How would it be if you will love me and want me more?” he asked and embraced her.

“It would be wonderful. I will kiss you every night and hug you close and I will let you do anything you want with me,” she laughed and kissed him in his lips.

“That indeed sounds lovely,” he whispered into her lips and moved to her neck.

Lily clung to him hard and closed her eyes. She wanted it just like that. When he was happy and confident and tender.

“We have to eat, get ready and go to the Ministry soon if you want to get over with it today,” he said.

“Okay. We can go to the doctor after,” she said.

“Doctor? For what?” he looked at her confused.

“Don’t be afraid, it’s just to see if the fetus is healthy,” she said.

Severus turned around to go to the kitchen, but in fact he turned around to hide the smile on his face. He was so happy that Lily started caring for her future kid.

They ate, got dressed and went outside. It was ice cold and windy. The November was awful. Severus teleported them to the Ministry. He recently got permission to appear in his office, so he didn’t have to pass all of the workers anymore. Lily looked around. It was really in his style. Rather dark, simple. A lot of books and papers.

Lily wasn’t afraid of anything as long as she was by Severus’ side. People nodded at them, moved out of their way. He didn’t seem to notice it, but Lily did, and it made her want him even more. He was so powerful. So feared and respected.

They approached a long hall with a soft carpet and paintings on the sides of the wall. She grabbed Severus’ hand and squeezed it tight. He talked with the secretary and they let them in, warning them, that they have only 10 minutes, because the Lord is busy. Lily nodded.

When she stepped inside she felt sudden anxiety mixed with fascination. Behind the desk was a handsome, old man. He was clean shaved, his face with wrinkles only around his eyes and in the corners of his mouth. His grey hair were smooth and somehow healthy looking, brushed back. He was wearing a long black robe. Severus came to him and kneeled, then kissed his hand with so much love and affection she almost felt jealous. She didn’t know what she is supposed to do, so she stood in her place too afraid to breath.

“Sit down, child,” Voldemort said to her.

She obeyed with no hesitation.

“Severus. Leave us, thank you,” Severus nodded and left the room.

Lily felt she is panicking, but she was afraid to move or do anything. It was hard to be in the Voldemort’s presence with Sev, without him it was unbearable.

“What are you coming to me with?” he asked and looked at her with his cold steel eyes.

Lily was gathering all her strength to talk to him.

“I was... I’m here to ask for a job. I want to work here, in the Ministry. I want to help with the contacts with the Muggle government,” she mumbled.

Voldemort looked at her focused.

“Is Severus okay with it?” he asked.

“Yes. He agreed,” she said and felt she might pass out soon.

“Then I can arrange something for sure. For him. I will have to change your blood status. We will tell people your mother slept with a Wizard and you are half-blood. You will have to

officially sign your loyalty. Is that all right?" he asked.

Lily nodded. She was so afraid. She felt ashamed that she is going to live a lie.

"There is another problem," he said.

Lily felt her anxiety rising.

"The fetus isn't Severus', is that correct?" he said.

She got pale. How did he knew about the baby... She felt violated.

"Who is the father?" Voldemort asked.

"Potter. James Potter," she muttered.

"Good. Good family, good blood line. It will be logical, that he is half-blood. Very well," Voldemort was really pleased with her answer.

Lily looked down. She regretted coming here. But it was only the beginning.

"Severus told me your child is really important for the Dumbledore," Voldemort continued and she felt something inside her heart died, "because of some prophecy. It's good. It will give them hope. It will make them wait. For something that isn't about to happen," he said and smiled, "your child will be part of my new circle of Death Eaters. Far more powerful than the previous ones. It's important for you to raise it well for me," he said.

Lily felt like throwing up. Or ripping her insides apart.

"And raise it well for Severus. He told you he can't have kids? Yeah, it's because of some complication from his suicide attempt. He never wanted kids, I knew it, but he wants this one, right?" Voldemort asked her and smiled to her for the first time.

Her eyes grew bigger. She now understood partly why he wanted for her to keep the baby.

"Yes. Severus wants me to have this child," she said.

Voldemort nodded.

"Are you good to him?" he asked in quite friendly tone.

Lily was silent for a moment.

"I am. But he is better for me," she answered.

Voldemort smiled brightly.

"I knew it. I knew that he is going to be good for you. That he will forgive you," Lily heard in this sentence the same love for Severus she heard in Narcissa and Lucius voice.

Lily nodded. She clung with her thought to Severus. She wanted to be close to him.

"You can start work next week. You don't have any experience, so you will start with the entry level Ministry job. I expect a lot from you, child. Don't fail me and Severus," he said and looked at her in a peculiar way.

Somehow Lily understood that it was her time to leave. She stood up, bowed to Voldemort and opened the door. She was so anxious. She regretted coming here. It was humiliating. It

was traumatic. She felt like a dust in front of him. His power and calmness were out of this world. He was far more powerful than Dumbledore. She was doomed. They were all doomed.

Lily closed the door behind her and felt her legs are collapsing below her.

When she opened her eyes she was on the floor and Severus was talking to her about something. She was unconscious only for a couple of seconds. She wanted to stand up, but she felt dizzy. Severus grabbed her and took her out of there. He sat her down on a bench in the hall.

There was nothing scary about Voldemort. He wasn't deformed, he wasn't ugly, he didn't scream at her, he wasn't rapid or violent. She couldn't explain it. She was crushed by his power. She could jump out of the window, if he told her to do so. She was nothing in front of him. She couldn't believe Severus dared to touch him.

"Lily, Lily, what is it, love?" he asked her with care.

She looked him in the eyes and rested her head on his shoulder. She was shaking.

"What happened?" he asked confused, "He didn't let you work?"

"Well, I... I can work. I will work. I have to now," she mumbled.

"Why are you so terrified, Lily?" he asked her.

"I don't know," she whispered weakly.

"He isn't that bad, is he?" Severus asked her.

"He is... Hm. I think he likes you a lot. He is intimidating," she said, "You respect him, don't you?"

Severus smiled.

"I love him, Lily. I love him like I would love a father. He is way better than a father. He saved my life. He gave me a new life. Like a god," he said.

Lily opened her eyes wider. She understood something. Severus didn't want Voldemort's downfall. He loved Voldemort and hated Dumbledore. And he told Voldemort about the prophecy. He might... He might have manipulated her into thinking he is with the resistance just to gain her trust and love and to make her keep the child. When he told her about the prophecy, he said he doesn't agree with everything the Death Eaters believe. Maybe he only thought that blood purity was bullshit. It was logical, he wasn't pure-blood himself. But he for sure believed in totalitarian state and in Dark Arts. He was always fascinated by them.

Lily should be afraid, she should be shocked. But she wasn't. For the first time in ages she felt deep calmness. She understood their situation. She understood Severus. She understood what is her role. The only thing in this world that was keeping her afloat was him. She clung to Severus hard and grabbed his face as if he was the rescue board thrown towards her by the fate.

All of the things she went through in those weeks in his house were flashing in front of her eyes. She started caressing his hair. She felt lust and desire like she never did. She was free. Finally. She was never more free than right now in his arms.

"I want to have a family with you. In a petty bourgeoisie sense. Like a fucking babbitt. I want to be a upstart, a nouveau riche, with a baby on my arms and a pathetic Ministry job. A picture perfect of social advancement in a new order," she said to him and he knew she is sincere.

Severus smiled. He knew what she meant. He was an underdog that got a woman of his dreams with his money. A little spin on the French literature from the previous century.

He finally noticed how similar Lily was to Petunia. She was way prettier than her, but in terms of values and aspirations, they were the same. He was so blind to think they are different.

"Are you happy I'm keeping the fetus?" she asked him whispering in his ear.

"I am, Lily. I know it's healthy. We don't have to go to the doctor. We can go home," he said and he kissed her neck.

Lily gasped and clenched her hands on his robe.

"Let's stay here," she whispered.

Her lips found his right away. She kissed him hard and greedy. She wanted everyone to see that he is hers.

The ministry hall was beautiful. They were in the most representative part for sure. There was no one there. Lily slipped her hand in his pants and started touching him. It was so degenerate and perverted to fuck each other in public. But what if someone catches them? Are they going to report to Voldemort that his favorite Death Eater received a hand job in the hall?

Severus unzipped his pants to make her more space for jerking him off. He started lifting her skirt up and kissing and biting her neck. Lily gasped when his fingers touched her wet cunt. He massaged her clitoris so well. Lily looked behind his shoulders, because someone appeared on the corridor, but as soon as this person noticed, that it was Severus sitting here and kissing some girl, they changed their way and went somewhere else. Lily smiled and moaned loudly.

"We have to go to a room, Lily," he whispered.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because I want to undress you and fuck you and I don't want everyone to see it," he muttered.

She smiled and stood up. Severus opened the door to the nearby office, where two young men were working.

"Get out. You have a break," he ordered them and they did what he told them to. Lily watched him feeling fascinated.

The men passed her sending her dirty looks. She smiled to them with satisfaction. It was not classy. But Lily and Severus weren't classy. They weren't Lucius and Narcissa. They were both impure, from the not so good parts of town, they were tacky, they were pretentious, they were obscene.

She went inside. The office was rather ordinary. With a calendar on the wall, armchairs, desks. Severus went after her and locked the door. She noticed he didn't cast a silencing spell.

"Take your clothes off," he ordered her and leaned on one of the desks.

Lily looked in his dark but fiery eyes. She took off her jacket and then started unbuttoning her chemise. He ate her with his eyes while caressing his dick through his boxers. She was stripping slowly for him. She was amazed how she worked him up. He was already sweaty and panting when she took off her skirt and he was jerking off frantically, moaning with pleasure. It was a new sight for Lily. He was irresistible when he was so focused on his enjoyment.

When she was completely naked, he took his dick from his pants and came closer to her. She couldn't look away from it. It was hard and red and slightly arched up. Her pussy was aching for it. It was the first time she saw his cock. She knew it was the prize for her good behavior.

She sighed from the excitement and grabbed his robes in her hands, pulling him close for the kiss. He pushed her to the wall and put his dick inside her. She moaned loud from the pain and the pleasure. He started fucking her like an animal, breathing hard, grunting loudly, clenching her skin in his hands, pushing her to the wall.

He came fast and unexpectedly. Lily felt cleansed from all the emotions that were cumulated inside her. She felt only one thing. Love for him. She somehow understood why he was so sure that he was going to love her forever. He had to really believe that she is going to be his through all the years of rejection and disregard from her.

It was beautiful. He did all of this to get her. To have her.

"God, I really fucking love you," she gasped and he truly believed her.